THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE PICKET.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

The night breeze tossed the picket's curly hair;
Stars shone serenely o'er his lonely beat.
The first spring flowers blew round him sweet and rare—
Gave up their fragrance crushed by restless feet.

A constant hum from the encampment came
To break the stillness, otherwise profound;
And fitful glimmerings of the camp-fires' flame
Flashed through the night like fire-flies all around.

Now in the shadow—now the star-light white—
The moon just peeping o'er the eastern trees;
His eyes catch visions through the gloom to-night
More precious than the spell of scenes like these.

The distance wastes—the homestead's genial hearth
And light invite him to a sweet repose.
Bright little heads are round him, childish mirth
Upon the breath of home about him flows.

O, little pattering feet and straying hands
That cluster round "papa" and o'er his knee!
While mamma just behind his greatchair stands
And joins more softly in these notes of glee.

What tiny little fingers in and out
Of papa's whiskers lightly, softly play;
While unkempt hair is tumbled all about
By little velvet paws of elfin May.

Home love, home sports, home fragrance all around,
And then home prayers when all the sports are o'er;
What precious jewels hath this soldier found
To cheer his soul, keep evil from its door.

He starts and rubs his eyes, as from a dream,
Then sighs, though smiling softly all the while.
He does not see hard by the long dark stream
Of foes that softly through the lines defile.

Not till a brawny hand falls on his arm,
And cold steel meets his temple, does he start
To see close by a stalwart ruffian's form,
And know he craves the life-blood from his heart.

One flashing thought—the warm home-scene once more—
A word of love, a low-breathed, fervent prayer—
Then as the night throbs with a cannon's roar
He backward springs, and whirls his gun in air.

One sharp report, a stifled, gurgling cry—
The foe lies bleeding at his very feet!
Another rings—ah! side by side they lie!
Nor foe nor picket's heart again will beat!

All night the battle raged—when morning dawned
The dead lay thick as leaves upon the trees.
Wild desolation—carnage all around!
How many lives, oh God, must end like these?

They found him with his pale face upward turned,
And hands crossed meekly o'er his pulseless breast.
The parting soul, it seemed, for Heaven had yearned,
And left the lifeless clay to peaceful rest.

Beneath the trees, just where he fell, he sleeps;
His grave unmarked save by a single stone.
We'll not forget the wife who for him weeps,
Whose path henceforth is dreary and alone.

MALACHI'S COVE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

On the northern coast of Cornwall, between Tintagel and Bossiney, down on the very margin of the sea, there lived not long since an old man who got his living by saving sea-weed from the waves, and selling it for manure. The cliffs there are bold and fine, and the sea beats in upon them from the north with a grand violence. I doubt whether it be not the finest morsel of cliff scenery in England, though it is beaten by many portions of the west coast of Ireland, and perhaps also by spots in Wales and Scotland. Cliffs should be nearly precipitous; they should be broken in their outlines, and should barely admit here and there of an insecure passage from their summit to the sand at their feet. The sea should come, if not up to them, at least very near to them, and then, above all things, the water below them should be blue, and not of that dead leaden color which is so familiar to us in England. At Tintagel all these requisites are there, except that bright blue color which is so lovely. But the cliffs themselves are bold and well broken, and the margin of sand at high water is very narrow,—so narrow that at spring tides there is barely a footing there.

But close upon this margin was the cottage or hovel of Malachi Trenglos, the old man of whom I have spoken. But Malachi, or old Glos as he was commonly called by the people around him, had not built his house absolutely upon the sand. There was a fissure in the rock so great that at the top it formed a narrow ravine, and so complete from the summit to the base, that it afforded an opening for a steep and rugged track from the top of the rock to the bottom. This fissure was so wide at the bottom that it had afforded space for Trenglos to fix his habitation on a foundation of rock, and here he had lived for many years. It was told of him that in the early days of his trade he had always carried the weed in a basket on his back to the top, but latterly he had been possessed of a donkey which had been trained to go up and down the steep track with a single pannier over his loins, for the rocks would not admit of panniers hanging by his side; and for this assistant he had built a shed adjoining his own, and almost as large as that in which he himself resided.

But as years went on, old Glos procured other assistance than that of the donkey, or, as I should rather say, Providence supplied him with other help; and, indeed, had it not been so, the old man must have given up his cabin and his independence and gone into the workhouse at Camelford. For rheumatism had afflicted him, old age had bowed him till he was nearly double, and by degrees he became unable to attend the donkey on its upward passage to the world above, or even to assist in rescuing the coveted weed from the waves. At the time to which our story refers Trenglos had not been up the cliff for twelve months, and for the last six months he had done nothing towards the furtherance of his trade, except to take the money and keep it, if any of it was kept, and occasionally to shake down a bundle of fodder for the donkey. The real work of the business was done altogether by Mahala Trenglos, his granddaughter. Mally Trenglos was known to all the farmers round the coast, and to all the small tradespeople in Camelford. She was a wild-looking, almost unearthly creature, with wild flowing, black, uncombed hair, small in stature, with small hands and bright black eyes; but people said that she was very strong, and the children around declared that she worked day and night and knew nothing of fatigue. As to her age there were many doubts. Some said she was ten, and others five-and-twenty, but the reader may be allowed to know that at this time she had in truth passed her twentieth birthday. The old people spoke well of Mally, because she was so good to her grandfather, and it was said of her that though she carried to him a little gin and tobacco almost daily, she bought nothing for herself; and as to the gin, no one who looked at her would accuse her of meddling with that. But she had no friends and but few acquaintances among people of her own age. They said that she was fierce and ill-natured, that she had not a good word for any one, and that she was, complete at all points, a thorough little vixen. The young men did not care for her, for, as regarded dress, all days were alike with her. She never made herself smart on Sundays. She was generally without stockings, and seemed to care not at all to exercise any of those feminine attractions which might have been hers had she studied to attain them. All days were the same to her in regard to dress, and, indeed, till lately, all days had I fear been the same to her in other respects. Old Malachi had never been seen inside a place of worship since he had taken to live under the cliff. But within the last two years Mally had submitted herself to the teaching of the clergyman at Tintagel, and had appeared at church on Sundays, if not absolutely with punctuality, at any rate so often that no one who knew the peculiarity of her residence was disposed to quarrel with her on that subject. But she made no difference in her dress on these occasions. She took her place on a low stone seat just inside the church door, closed as usual in her thick red serge petticoat and loose brown serge jacket, such being the apparel which she had found to be best adapted for her hard and perilous work among the waters. She had pleaded to the clergyman when he attacked her on the subject of church attendance with vigor that she had got no church-going clothes. He had explained to her that she would be received there without distinction to her clothing. Mally had taken him at his word, and had gone, with a courage which certainly deserved admiration, though I doubt whether there was not mingled with it an obstinacy which was less admirable.

For people said that old Glos was rich, and that Mally might have proper clothes if she chose to buy them. Mr. Polwarth, the clergyman, who, as the old man could not come to him, went down the rocks to the old man, did make some hint on the matter, in Mally's absence. But old Glos, who had been patient with him on other matters, turned upon him so angrily when he made an allusion to money, that Mr. Polwarth found himself obliged to give that matter up, and Mally continued to sit upon the stone bench in her short serge petticoat, with her long hair streaming down her face. She did so far sacrifice to decency as on such occasions to tie up her back hair with an old shoestring. So tied it would remain through the Monday and Tuesday, but by Wednesday afternoon Mally's hair had generally managed to escape.

As to Mally's indefatigable industry there could be no manner of doubt, for the quantity of seaweed which she and the donkey amassed between them was very surprising. Old Glos, it was declared, had never collected half what Mally gathered together; but then the article was becoming cheaper, and it was necessary that the exertion should be greater. So Mally and the donkey toiled and toiled, and the seaweed came up in heaps which surprised those who looked at her little hands and light form. Was there not some one who helped her at nights, some fairy, or demon, or the like? Mally was so snappish in her answers to people, that she had no right to be surprised if ill-natured things were said of her.

No one ever heard Mally Trenglos complain of her work, but about this time she was heard to make great and loud complaint of the treatment she received from some of her neighbors. It was known that she went with her plaints to Mr. Polwarth; and when he could not help her, or did not give her such instant help as she needed, she went—ah, so foolishly!—to the office of a certain attorney at Camelford, who was not likely to prove himself a better friend than Mr. Polwarth.

Now the nature of her injury was as follows: The place in which she collected her seaweed was a little cove; the people had come to call it Malachi's Cove from the name of the old man who lived there, which was so formed, that the margin of the sea therein could only be reached by the passage from the top down to Trenglos's hut. The breadth of the cove when the sea was out might perhaps be two hundred yards, and on each side the rocks ran out in such a way that, both from north and south, the domain of Trenglos was guarded from intruders. And this locality had been well chosen for its intended purpose. There was a rush of the sea into the cove which carried there large, drifting masses of seaweed, leaving them among the rocks when the tide was out. During the equinoctial winds of the spring and autumn the supply would never fail; and even when the sea was calm, the long, soft, salt-bedewed, trailing masses of the weed could be gathered there when they could not be found elsewhere for miles along the coast. The task of getting the weed from the breakers was often difficult and dangerous,—so difficult that much of it was left to be carried away by the next incoming tide. Mally doubtless did not gather half the crop that was there at her feet. What was taken by the returning waves she did not regret; but when interlopers came upon her cove, and gathered her wealth,—her grandfather's wealth,—beneath her eyes, then her heart was broken. It was this interloping, this intrusion, that drove poor Mally to the Camelford attorney. But, alas, though the Camelford attorney took Mally's money, he could do nothing for her, and her heart was broken!

She had an idea, in which no doubt her father shared, that the path to the cove was, at any rate, their property. When she was told that the cove, and sea running into the cove, were not the freeholds of her father, she understood that the statement might be true. But what then as to the use of the path? Who had made the path what it was? Had she not painfully, wearily, with exceeding toil, carried up bits of rock with her own little hands, that her grandfather's donkey might have footing for his feet? Had she not scraped together crumbs of earth along the face of the cliff, that she might make easier to the animal the track of that rugged way? And now, when she saw big farmers' lads coming down with other donkeys—and, indeed, there was one who came with a pony,—no boy, but a young man, old enough to know better than rob a poor old man and a young girl—she reviled the whole human race, and swore that the Camelford attorney was a fool.

Any attempt to explain to her that there was still weed enough for her was worse than useless. Was it not all hers and his, or, at any rate, was not the sole way to it his and hers? And was not her trade stopped and impeded? Had she not been forced to back her laden donkey down—twenty yards, she said, but it had, in truth, been five—because Farmer Gunliffe's son had been in the way with his thieving pony? Farmer Gunliffe had wanted to buy her weed at his own price; and because she had refused, he had set on his thieving son to destroy her in this wicked way.

"I'll hamstring the beast the next time as he's down here!" said Mally to old Glos, while the angry fire literally streamed from her eyes.

Farmer Gunliffe's small homestead—he held about fifty acres of land—was close by the village of Tintagel, and not a mile from the cliff. The sea-wrack, as they call it, was pretty well the only manure within his reach, and no doubt he thought it hard that he should be kept from using it by Mally Trenglos and her obstinacy.

"There's heaps of other coves, Barty," said Mally to Barty Gunliffe, the farmer's son. "But none so nigh, Mally, nor yet none that fills 'em-selves as this place."

Then he explained to her that he would not take the weed that came up close to hand. He was bigger than she was, and stronger, and would get it from the outer rocks, with which she never meddled. Then, with scorn in her eye, she swore that she could get it where he durst not venture, and repeated her threat of hamstringing the pony. Barty laughed at her wrath, jeered her because of her wild hair, and called her a mermaid.

"I'll mermaid you!" she cried. "Mermaid, indeed! I wouldn't be a man to come and rob a poor girl and an old cripple. But you're no man, Barty Gunliffe! You're not half a man."

Nevertheless, Bartholomew Gunliffe was a very fine young fellow as far as the eye went. He was about five feet eight inches high, with strong arms and legs, with light curly brown hair and blue eyes. His father was but in a small way as a farmer, but, nevertheless, Barty Gunliffe was well thought of among the girls around. Everybody liked Barty—excepting only Mally Trenglos, and she hated him like poison.

Barty, when he was asked why so good-natured a lad as he persecuted a poor girl and an old man, threw himself upon the justice of the thing. It wouldn't do at all, according to his view, that any single person should take upon himself to own that which God Almighty sent as the common property of all. He would do Mally no harm, and so he had told her. But Mally was a vixen, a wicked little vixen; and she must be taught to have a civil tongue in her head. When once Mally would speak him civil as he went for weed, he would get his father to pay the old man some sort of toll for the use of the path. "Speak him civil?" said Mally. "Never; not while I have a tongue in my mouth!" And I fear old Glos encouraged her rather than otherwise in her view of the matter.

But her grandfather did not encourage her to hamstring the pony. Hamstringing a pony would be a serious thing, and old Glos thought it might be very awkward for both of them if Mally were put into prison. He suggested, therefore, that all manner of impediments should be put in the way of the pony's feet, surmising that the well-trained donkey might be able to work in spite of them. And Barty Gunliffe, on his next descent, did find the passage very awkward when he came near to Malachi's hut, but he made his way down, and poor Mally saw the lumps of rock at which she had labored so hard pushed on one side or rolled out of the way with a steady persistency of injury towards herself that almost drove her frantic.

"Well, Barty, you're a nice boy," said old Glos, sitting in the doorway of the hut, as he watched the intruder.

"I ain't a doing no harm to none as doesn't harm me," said Barty. "These a's free to all, Malachi."

"And the sky's free to all, but I mustn't get up on the top of your big barn to look at it," said Mally, who was standing among the rocks with a long hook in her hand. The long hook was the tool with which she worked in dragging the weed from the waves. "But you ain't got no justice, nor yet no sperrit, or you wouldn't come here to vex an old man like he."

"I didn't want to vex him, nor yet to vex you, Mally. You let me be for a while, and we'll be friends yet."

"Friends!" exclaimed Mally. "Who'd have the likes of you for a friend? What are you moving them stones for? Them stones belongs to grandfather." And in her wrath she made a movement as though she were going to fly at him.

"Let him be, Mally," said the old man; "let him be. He'll get his punishment. He'll come to be drownded some day if he comes down here when the wind is in shore."

"That he may be drownded then!" said Mally, in her anger. "If he was in the big hole there among the rocks, and the sea running in at half-tide, I wouldn't lift a hand to help him out."

"Yes you would, Mally; you'd fish me up with your hook like a big stick of sea-weed."

She turned from him with scorn as he said this, and went into the hut. It was time for her to get ready for her work, and one of the great injuries done her lay in this,—that such a one as Barty Gunliffe should come and look at her during her toil among the breakers.

It was an afternoon in April, and the hour was something after four o'clock. There had been a heavy wind from the north-west all the morning, with gusts of rain, and the sea-gulls had been in and out of the cove all the day, which was a sure sign to Mally that the incoming tide would cover the rocks with weed. The quick waves were now returning with wonderful celerity over the low reefs, and the time had come at which the treasure must be seized, if it was to be garnered on that day. By seven o'clock it would be growing dark, at nine it would be high water, and before daylight the crop would be carried out again if not collected. All this Mally understood very well, and some of this Barty was beginning to understand also. As Mally came down with her bare feet, bearing her long hook in her hand, she saw Barty's pony standing patiently on the sand, and in her heart she longed to attack the brute. Barty at this moment, with a common three-pronged fork in his hand, was standing down on a large rock, gazing forth towards the waters. He had declared that he would gather the weed only at places which were inaccessible to Mally, and he was looking out that he might settle where he would begin.

"Let 'un be, let 'un be," shouted the old man to Mally, as he saw her take a step towards the beast, which she hated almost as much as she hated the man.

Hearing her grandfather's voice through the wind, she desisted from her purpose, if any purpose she had had, and went forth to her work. As she passed down the cove, and went in among the rocks, she saw Barty still standing on his perch; out beyond, the white-curling waves were cresting and breaking themselves with violence, and the wind was howling among the caverns and abutments of the cliff. Every now and then there came a squall of rain, and though there was sufficient light, the Heavens were black with clouds. A scene more beautiful might hardly be found by those who love the glories of the coast. The light for such objects was perfect. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the colors,—the blue of the open sea, the white of the breaking waves, the yellow sands, or the streaks of red and brown which gave such richness to the cliff! But neither Mally or Barty were thinking of such things as these. Indeed, they were hardly thinking of their trade after its ordinary forms. Barty was meditating how he might best accomplish his purpose of working beyond the reach of Mally's feminine powers, and Mally was resolving that wherever Barty went she would go further.

And, in many respects, Mally had the advantage. She knew every rock in the spot, and was sure of those which gave a good foothold, and sure also of those which did not. And then her activity had been made perfect by practice for the purpose to which it was to be devoted. Barty, no doubt, was stronger than she, and quite as active. But Barty could not jump among the waves from one stone to another as she could do, nor was he as yet able to get aid in his work from the very force of the water as she could get it. She had been hunting sea-weed in that cove since she had been an urchin of six years old, and she knew every hole and corner and every spot of vantage. The waves were her friends, and she could use them. She could measure their strength, and knew when and where it would cease. Mally was great down in the salt pools of her own cove,—great, and very fearless. As she watched Barty make his way forward from rock to rock, she told herself, gleefully, that he was going astray. The curl of the wind as it blew into the cove would not carry the weed up to the northern buttresses of the cove; and then there was the great hole just there,—the great hole of which she had spoken when she wished him evil.

And now she went to work, hooking up the dishevelled hairs of the ocean, and landing many a cargo on the extreme margin of the sand, from whence she would be able in the evening to drag it back before the invading waters would return to reclaim the spoil. And on his side also Barty made his heap up against the northern buttresses of which I have spoken. Barty's heap became big and still bigger, so that he knew, let the pony work as he might, he could not take it all up that evening. But still it was not as large as Mally's heap. Mally's hook was better than his fork, and Mally's skill was better than his strength. And when he forked in some haul Mally would jeer him with a wild, weird laughter, and shriek to him through the wind that he was not half a man. At first he answered her with laughing words, but before long, as she boasted of her success and pointed to his failure, he became angry, and then he answered her no more. He became angry with himself, in that he missed so much of the plunder before him. The broken sea was full of the long straggling growth which the waves had torn up from the bottom of the ocean, but the masses were carried past him, away from him,—nay, once or twice over him; and then Mally's weird voice would sound in his ear jeering him. The gloom among the rocks was now becoming thicker and thicker, the tide was beating in with increased strength, and the gusts of wind came in with quicker and greater violence. But still he worked on. While Mally worked he would work, and he would work for some time after she was driven in. He would not be beaten by a girl.

The great hole was now full of water, but of water which seemed to be boiling as though in a pot. And the pot was full of floating masses—large treasures of sea-weed which were thrown to and fro upon its surface, but lying there so thick that one would seem almost able to rest upon it without sinking. Mally knew well how useless it was to attempt to rescue aught from the fury of that boiling caldron. The hole went in under the rocks, and the side of it towards the shore lay high, slippery, and steep. The hole, even at low water, was never empty; and Mally believed that there was no bottom to it. Fish thrown in there could escape out to the ocean, miles away—so Mally in her softer moods would tell the visitors to the cove. She knew the hole well. Poulnadioul she was accustomed to call it; which was supposed, when translated, to mean that this was the hole of the Evil One. Never did Mally attempt to make her own of weed which had found its way into that pot.

But Barty Gunliffe knew no better, and she watched him as he endeavored to steady himself on the treacherously slippery edge of the pool. He fixed himself there and made a haul, with some small success. How he managed it she hardly knew, but she stood still for a while watching him anxiously, and then she saw him slip. He slipped, and recovered himself;—slipped again, and again recovered himself.

"Barty, you fool," she screamed, "if you get yourself pitched in there, you'll never come out no more."

Whether she simply wished to frighten him, or whether her heart relented and she had thought of his danger with dismay, who shall say? She could not have told herself. She hated him as much as ever,—but she could hardly have wished to see him drowned before her eyes.

"You go on, and don't mind me," said he, speaking in a hoarse angry tone.

"Mind you!—who minds you?" retorted the girl. And then she again prepared herself for her work.

But as she went down over the rocks with her long hook balanced in her hands, she suddenly heard a splash, and turning quickly round saw the body of her enemy tumbling amidst the eddying waves in the pool. The tide had now come up so far that every succeeding wave washed into it and over it from the side nearest to the sea, and then ran down again back from the rocks, as the rolling wave receded, with a noise like the fall of a cataract. And then, when the surplus water had retreated for a moment, the surface of the pool would be partly calm, though the fretting bubbles would still boil up and down, and there was ever a simmer on the surface, as though, in truth, the caldron were heated. But this time of comparative rest was but a moment, for the succeeding breaker would come up almost as soon as the foam of the preceding one had gone, and then again the waters would be dashed upon rocks, and the sides would echo with the roar of the angry wave.

Instantly Mally hurried across to the edge of the pool, crouching down upon her hands and knees for security as she did so. As a wave receded, Barty's head and face was carried round near to her, and she could see that his forehead was covered with blood. Whether he were alive or dead she did not know. She had seen nothing but his blood, and the light colored hair of his head lying amidst the foam. Then his body was drawn along by the suction of the retreating wave; but the mass of water that escaped was not on this occasion large enough to carry the man out with it. Instantly Mally was at work with her hook, and getting it fixed into his coat, dragged him towards the spot on which she was kneeling. During the half minute of repose she got him so close that she could touch his shoulder. Straining herself down, laying herself over the long bending handle of the hook, she strove to grasp him with her right hand. But she could not do it; she could only touch him. Then came the next breaker, forcing itself on with a roar, looking to Mally as though it must certainly knock her from her resting-place, and destroy them both. But she had nothing for it but to kneel, and hold by her hook. What prayer passed through her mind at that moment for herself or for him, or for that old man who was sitting unconsciously up at the cabin, who can say? The great wave came and rushed over her as she lay almost prostrate, and when the water was gone from her eyes, and the tumult of the foam, and the violence of the roaring breaker had passed by her, she found herself at length upon the rock, while his body had been lifted up, free from her hook, and was lying upon the slippery ledge, half in the water, and half out of it. As she looked at him—in that instant, she could see that his eyes were open, and that he was struggling with his hands. "Hold by the hook, Barty," she cried, pushing the stick of it before him, while she seized the collar of his coat in her hands. Had he been her brother, her lover, her father, she could not have clung to him with more of the energy of despair. He did contrive to hold by the stick which she had given him, and when the succeeding wave had passed by, he was still on the ledge. In the next moment she was seated a yard or two above the hole, in comparative safety, while Barty lay upon the rocks with his still bleeding head resting upon her lap.

What could she do now? She could not carry him; and in fifteen minutes the sea would be up where she was sitting. He was quite insensible, and very pale—and the blood was coming slowly, very slowly, from the wound on his forehead. Ever so gently she put her hand upon his hair to move it back from his face, and then she bent over his mouth to see if he breathed; and as she looked at him she knew that he was beautiful. What would she not give that he might live? Nothing now was so precious to her as his life—as this life which she had so far rescued from the waters. But what could she do? Her grandfather could scarcely get himself down over the rocks, if indeed he could succeed in doing so much as that. Could she drag the wounded man backwards, if it were only a few feet, so that he might lie above the reach of the waves till further assistance could be procured? She set herself to work, and she moved him, almost lifting him. As she did so she wondered at her own strength, but she was very strong at that moment. Slowly, tenderly, falling on the rocks herself so that he might fall on her, she got him back to the margin of the sand, to a spot which the waters would not reach for the next two hours!

Here her grandfather met them, having seen at last what had happened from the door.

"Dada," she said, "he fell into the pool yonder, and was battered against the rocks. See there at his forehead."

"Mally, I'm thinking that he's dead already," said old Glos, peering down over the body.

"No, dada; he is not dead; but mayhap he's dying. But I'll go at once up to the farm."

"Mally," said the old man, "look at his head. They'll say we murdered him."

"Who'll say so? Who'll lie like that? Didn't I pull him out of the hole?"

"What matters that? His father 'll say we killed him.

It was manifest to Mally that whatever anyone might say hereafter her present course was plain before her. She must run up the path to Gunliffe's farm and get necessary assistance. If the world were as bad as her grandfather said, it would be so bad that she would not care to live longer in it. But be that as it might, there was no doubt as to what she must do now. So away she went as fast as her naked feet could carry her up the cliff. When at the top she looked round to see if any person might be within ken, but she saw no one. So she ran with all her speed along the headland of the corn-field which led in the direction of old Gunliffe's house, and as she drew near to the homestead she saw that Barty's mother was leaning on the gate. As she approached she attempted to call, but her breath failed her for any purpose of loud speech, so she ran on till she was able to grasp Mrs. Gunliffe by the arm.

"Where's himself?" she said, holding her hand upon her beating heart that she might husband her breath.

"Who is it you mean?" said Mrs. Gunliffe, who participated in the family feud against Trenglos and his grand-daughter. "What does the girl clutch me for in that way?"

"He's dying then, that's all."

"Who is dying? Is it old Malachi. If the old man's bad, we'll send some one down."

"It ain't dada, it's Barty; where's himself? where's the master?"

But by this time Mrs. Gunliffe was in an agony of despair, and was calling out for assistance lustily. Happily Gunliffe, the father was at hand, and with him a man from the neighboring village.

"Will you not send for the doctor?" said Mally. "Oh, man, you should send for the doctor!"

Whether any orders were given for the doctor she did not know, but in a very few minutes she was hurrying across the field again towards the path to the cove, and Gunliffe with the other man and his wife were following her. As Mally went along she recovered her voice, for their step was not quick as hers, and that which to them was a hurried movement, allowed her to get her breath again. And as she went she tried to explain to the father what had happened, saying but little, however, of her own doings in the matter. The wife hung behind listening, exclaiming every now and again that her boy was killed, and then asking wild questions as to his being yet alive. The father, as he went, said little. He was known as a silent, sober man, well spoken of for diligence and general conduct, but supposed to be stern and very hard when angered. As they drew near to the top of the path the other man whispered something to him, and then he turned round upon Mally and stopped her.

"If he has come by his death between you, your blood shall be taken for his," said he. Then the wife shrieked out that her child had been murdered, and Mally looked round into the faces of the three saw that her grandfather's words had come true. They suspected her of having taken the life, in saving which she had nearly lost her own!

She looked sound at them with awe in her face, and then, without saying a word, preceded them down the path. What had she to answer when such a charge as that was made against her? If they chose to say that she pushed him into the pool, and hit him with her hook as he lay amidst the waters, how could she show that it was not so? Poor Mally knew little of the law of evidence, and it seemed to her that she was in their hands. But as she went down the steep track with a hurried step,—a step so quick that they could not keep up with her,—her heart was very full, very full and very high. She had striven for the man's life as though he had been her brother. The blood was yet not dry on her own legs and arms, where she had torn them in his service. At one moment she had felt sure that she would die with him in that pool. And now they said that she had murdered him! It may be that he was not dead, and what would he say if ever he should speak again? Then she thought of that moment when his eyes had opened, and he had seemed to see her. She had no fear for herself, for her heart was very high. But it was full also,—full of scorn, disdain, and wrath. When she had reached the bottom, she stood close to the door of the hut waiting for them, so that they might precede her to the other group, which was there in front of them, at a little distance, on the sand.

"He is there, and dada is with him. Go and look at him," said Mally.

The father and mother ran on, stumbling over the stones, but Mally remained behind by the door of the hut.

Barty Gunliffe was lying on the sand where Mally had left him, and old Malachi Trenglos was standing over him, resting himself with difficulty upon a stick.

"Not a move he's moved since she left him," said he; "not a move. I put his head on the old rug, as you see, and I tried 'un with a drop of gin, but he wouldn't take it—he wouldn't take it."

"Oh, my boy!—my boy!" said the mother, throwing herself beside her son upon the sand.

"Haud your tongue, woman!" said the father, kneeling down slowly by the lad's head; "whimpering that way will do'un no good." Then having gazed for a minute or two upon the pale face beneath him, he looked up sternly into that of Malachi Trenglos. The old man hardly knew how to bear this terrible inquisition.

"He would come," said Malachi. "He brought it all upon hisself."

"Who was it struck him?" said the father.

"Sure he struck hisself, as he fell among the breakers."

"Liar!" said the father, looking up at the old man.

"They have murdered him! they have murdered him!" shrieked the mother.

"Haud your peace, woman!" said the husband again. "They shall give us blood for blood!"

Mally, leaning against the corner of the hovel, heard it all, but did not stir. They might say what they liked. They might make it out to be murder. They might drag her and her grandfather to Camelford jail, and then to Bodmin, and the gallows; but they could not take from her the conscious feeling that was her own. She had done her best to save him—her very best. She remembered her threat to him before they had gone down on the rocks together, and her evil wish. Those words had been very wicked; but since that she had risked her life to save his. They might say what they pleased of her, and do what they pleased. She knew what she knew.

Then the father raised his son's head and shoulders in his arms, and called on the others to assist him in carrying Barty towards the path. They raised him between them carefully and tenderly, and lifted their burden on towards the spot at which Mally was standing. She never moved, but watched them at their work; and the old man followed them, hobbling after them with his crutch. When they had reached the end of the hut, she looked upon Barty's face, and saw that it was very pale. There was no longer blood upon the forehead, but the great gash was to be seen there very plainly with its jagged cut, and the skin livid and blue round the orifice. His light brown hair was hanging back, as she had made it to hang when she had gathered it with her hand after the big wave had passed over them. Ah! how beautiful he was in Mally's eyes with that pale face, and the sad scar upon his brow! She turned her face away, that they might not see her tears; but she did not move, nor did she speak.

But now, when they had passed the end of the hut, shuffling along with their burden, she heard a sound which stirred her. She roused herself quickly from her leaning posture, and stretched forth her head, as though to listen; then she moved to follow them. Yes, they had stopped at the bottom of the path, and had again laid the body on the rocks. She heard that sound again, as of a long, long sigh, and then, regardless of any of them, she ran to the wounded man's head. "He is not dead," she said. "There;—he is not dead."

As she spoke, Barty's eyes opened, and he looked about him. "Barty, my boy, speak to me," said the mother. Barty turned his face upon his mother, smiled, and then stared about him wildly.

"How is it with thee, lad?" said his father. Then Barty turned his face again to the latter voice, and as he did so his eyes fell upon Mally. "Mally!" he said, "Mally!" It could have wanted nothing further to any of those present to teach them that, according to Barty's own view of the case, Mally had not been his enemy; and, in truth, Mally herself wanted no further triumph. That word had vindicated her, and she withdrew back to the hut. "Dada," she said, "Barty is not dead, and I'm thinking they wont say anything more about our hurting him." Old Glos shook his head. He was glad the lad hadn't met his death there; he didn't want the young man's blood, but he knew what folk would say. The poorer he was the more sure the world would be to trample on him. Mally said what she could to comfort him, being full of comfort herself. She would have crept up to the farm if she dared, to ask how Barty was. But her courage failed her when she thought of that, so she went to work again, dragging back the weed she had saved to the spot at which, on the morrow, she would load the donkey. As she did this she saw Barty's pony still standing patiently under the rock, so she got a lock of fodder and threw it down before the beast.

It had become dark down in the cove, but she was still dragging back the sea-weed, when she saw the glimmer of a lantern coming down the pathway. It was a most unusual sight, for lanterns were not common down in Malachi's Cove. Down came the lantern rather slowly,—much more slowly than she was in the habit of descending, and then through the gloom she saw the figure of a man standing at the bottom of the path. She went up to him, and saw that it was Gunliffe, the father.

"Is that Mally?" said Gunliffe.

"Yes; it is Mally; and how is Barty, Mr. Gunliffe?"

"You must come to 'un yourself,—now, at once," said the farmer. "He won't sleep a wink till he's seed you. You must not say but you'll come."

"Sure I'll come if I'm wanted," said Mally.

Gunliffe waited a moment, thinking that Mally might have to prepare herself, but Mally needed no preparation. She was dripping with salt water from the weed which she had been dragging, and her elfin locks were streaming wildly from her head; but, such as she was, she was ready. "Dada's in bed," she said, "and I can go now if you please." Then Gunliffe turned round and followed her up the path, wondering at the life which this girl led, so far away from all her sex. It was now dark night, and he had found her working at the very edge of the rolling waves, by herself, in the darkness, while the only human being who might seem to be her protector had already gone to his bed.

When they were at the top of the cliff Gunliffe took her by her hand, and led her along. She did not understand this, but she made no attempt to take her hand from his. Something he said about failing on the cliffs, but it was muttered so lowly that Mally hardly understood him. But in truth the man knew that she had saved his boy's life, and that he had injured her instead of thanking her. He was now taking her to his heart, and as words were wanting to him, he was showing his love after this silent fashion. He held her by the hand as though she were a child, and Mally tripped along at his side, asking him no questions.

When they were at the farm-yard gate he stopped there for a moment. "Mally, my girl," he said, "he'll not be content till he sees thee, but thou must not stay long wi' him, lass. Doctor says he's weak like, and wants sleep badly." Mally merely nodded her head, and then they entered the house. Mally had never been within it before, and looked about with wondering eyes at the furniture of the big kitchen. Did any idea of her future destiny flash upon her then, I wonder? But she did not pause here a moment, but was led up to the bedroom above stairs, where Barty was lying on his mother's bed. "Is it Mally herself?" said the voice of the weak youth.

"It's Mally herself," said the mother, "so now you can say what you please."

"Mally," said he, "Mally, it's along you that I'm alive this moment."

"I'll not forget it on her," said the father, with his eyes turned away from her. "I'll never forget it on her."

"We hadn't a one but only him," said the mother, with her apron up to her face.

"Mally, you'll be friends with me now?" said Barty. To have been made lady of the manor of the cove for ever, Mally couldn't have spoken a word now. It was not only that the words and presence of the people there cowed her and made her speechless, but the big bed, and the looking-glass, and the unheard-of wonders of the chamber, made her feel her own insignificance. But she crept up to Barty's side, and put her hand upon his.

"I'll come and get the weed, Mally; but it shall all be for you," said Barty.

"Indeed, you won't then, Barty dear," said the mother; "you'll never go near the awsome place again. What would we do if you were took from us?"

"He mustn't go near the hole if he does," said Mally, speaking at last in a solemn voice, and imparting the knowledge which she had kept to herself while Barty was her enemy; "'specially not if the wind's any way from the nor'rard."

"She'd better go down now," said the father. Barty kissed the hand which he held, and Mally, looking at him as he did so, thought that he was like an angel. "You'll come and see us to-morrow, Mally," said he. To this she made no answer, but followed Mrs. Gunliffe out of the room. When they were down in the kitchen the mother had tea for her, and thick milk, and a hot cake,—all the delicacies which the farm could afford. I don't know that Mally cared much for the eating and drinking that night, but she began to think that the Gunliffe's were good people,—very good people. It was better thus, at any rate, than being accused of murder, and carried off to Camelford prison. "I'll never forget it on her—never," the father had said. Those words stuck to her from that moment, and seemed to sound in her ears all the night. How glad she was that Barty had come down to the cove;—oh yes, how glad! There was no question of his dying now, and as for the blow on his forehead, what harm was that to a lad like him? "But father shall go with you," said Mrs. Gunliffe, when Mally prepared to start for the cove by herself. Mally, however, would not hear of this. She could find her way to the cove whether it was light or dark. "Mally, thou art my child now, and I shall think of thee so," said the mother, as the girl went off by herself. Mally thought of this, too, as she walked home. How could she become Mrs. Gunliffe's child;—ah, how?

I need not, I think, tell the tale any further. That Mally did become Mrs. Gunliffe's child, and how she became so, the reader will understand; and in process of time the big kitchen and all the wonders of the farm-house were her own. The people said that Barty Gunliffe had married a mermaid out of the sea, but when it was said in Mally's hearing I doubt whether she liked it; and when Barty himself would call her a mermaid she would frown at him, and throw about her black hair, and pretend to cuff him with her little hand.

Old Glos was brought up to the top of the cliff, and lived his few remaining days under the roof of Mr. Gunliffe's house; and as for the cove, and the right of sea-weed, from that time forth all that has been supposed to attach itself to Gunliffe's farm, and I do not know that any of the neighbors are prepared to dispute the right.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1865.

THE COMING YEAR.

In order to give plenty of time to those desirous of making up Clubs for THE POST, as well as for THE LADY'S FRIEND, we insert the Prospectus of each periodical in the present number.

The only difference between the terms in the Prospectuses, and those we have had standing for some weeks past, is in the offer of a SEWING MACHINE on certain conditions.

This offer is as low as we can make it, and our terms will not be deviated from. It must be remembered that the price of the machine—which is Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3, the same as that heretofore offered by us—has advanced from forty-five to fifty-five dollars.

In making up the Clubs, some may prefer taking the paper, some the magazine, while others may take both. Thus, in a club of forty, there may be twenty subscribers to THE POST, and twenty to THE LADY'S FRIEND—it matters not to us what proportion of each, so there be forty subscribers in all, with the one hundred dollars. Upon the receipt of the names and money, or of the money alone, we will send the sewing machine.

We prefer that all the subscribers to the sewing machine clubs should be obtained at the regular price of $2.50. In case they are obtained at a lower rate, the balance of course must be made up out of the pocket of the person who wishes to procure the machine.

One word that applies to all Clubs. Begin to get them up *at once*. By leaving it too late, the persons you rely upon to fill your lists, are procured by others who are more active. In this as in many other things, the old proverb holds true, "The early bird catches the worm." And we trust to have the pleasure of receiving a great many clubs this year, and of forwarding a large number of POSTS, LADY'S FRIENDS, and SEWING MACHINES as Premiums to those who get them up.

TO OUR EXCHANGES.

The present high price of paper will compel us to retrench our exchange list as much as possible. If we should happen to stop sending our paper to any publishers who are entitled to it, they will oblige us very much by informing us by letter of the mistake.

A PARIS FASHION.

To believe some of our lecturers and orators, everything is done on this side of the ocean in a superior manner to what it is done abroad—"for here we have the rule of the people you see." Now we all know how the streets of Philadelphia are kept clean, to say nothing of that abomination of mudocracy, New York—and we may contrast the American mode of doing things with the Parisian as related by the London Daily News as follows:—

"The whole of Paris is scraped, washed, brushed, and swept every day. At two in the morning in the summer 3,000 men commence the work, and every inch of roadway and pavement comes under their labors. In the winter 5,000 workmen are so employed, and they commence at three. In case of a fall of snow, relays are kept at work all day, and the snow is thus never allowed to collect. The gutters are all washed out perfectly clean by means of water, which can be turned on from pipes at regular distances. All that is macadamised of the Parisian streets is cared for by the Government; all that is paved comes under the superintendence of the city. Every yard of the 'pavement' is washed clean every morning, and nothing but what is liquid—and, consequently, disappears down the gutters—is allowed to be deposited in the streets. It thus happens, as all who well know Paris are aware, and as all who do not can readily believe, that even in the very worst weather the streets there are comparatively clean (the pavements always so.) Now, it should not be forgotten that Paris, forty years ago, was one of the very filthiest towns in all Europe."

So it seems that they do manage to make progress from worse to better even in an almost absolute monarchy like France. Both Philadelphia and New York also make progress, but in respect to cleanliness, it is backward. And yet probably more money is pocketed in either city—certainly in New York—by those who pretend to keep the streets clean, than in Paris.

BLOCKADE-RUNNING.

The London *Court Journal* gives the following item of news, which is of peculiar interest to Americans:

"A rumor, difficult to credit, but from the manner in which it is put forward still harder to refute, has reached us, to the effect that an M. P. of large fortune and commensurate eccentricity is about to seek a new excitement in 'running the blockade.' The motive impulse is, of course, sympathy with the Southern cause, but it would seem that, although a squire of acres broad, he is not entirely blind to the commercial advantages of the operation. The value of the cargo with which his clipper-ship is to be freighted is no secret among his friends. It is to be provided in pretty nearly equal proportions with articles of comfort for the soldiers and articles of luxury for the ladies. Medicines such as the Southern troops stand greatly in need of and find it most difficult to obtain—fashions and articles of personal adornment more recent than any which have reached the blockade ports are the leading items in the supercargo's list. It is said that if he gets through the blockading squadron safely, the honorable member will dispose of the more solid wares at a cost not exceeding that necessary to cover the costs of the undertaking; and his well-known gallantry is referred to as a guarantee that he will not be exorbitant in any dealings with the fair sex."

Can this parliamentary dodger of the seas be Mr. Lindsay? Whoever he be we trust a bright look out will be kept for him. We hope he will sail before the news of the capture of Fort Fisher crosses the ocean. If our sailors catch him, could not they jostle him accidentally overboard, picking him up after a reasonable degree of immersion and purification?

ONE OF THE DOGS.

The Londoners seem to have a class among them who are evidently the original stock from which the Connecticut Yankees are descended. We frequently see instances of their "cute" dealings—

"Getting by what they call 'hook and crook,'
And what the moralist calls overreaching,
A decent living."

Read the following account of the purchase of a little dog, as told by a correspondent of a London journal—the editor of said journal appending the remark that it is "by no means a new trick:"—

"The following circumstance was told to me last evening, the narrator vouching for its literal accuracy. Some weeks ago a friend of hers, a newly married lady, passing down Regent street, was struck by the singular smallness and beauty of a dog which a man was exhibiting for sale. After some chaffering, she bought it for 30s., took it home, and was delighted with her prize; it seemed to be a perfect little beauty, only, as we sometimes say of charming people, 'just a little odd,' running up the window curtains and walls, more like a monkey than a dog; but its master contented himself with remarking that the prevalence of muscular Christianity was developing into universal gymnastics, and doggie's pranks were considered as cleverness, till the third day of his sojourn, when he literally jumped out of his skin, in which he had been sewn up. It proved to be not a dog at all, but, horror of horrors!—a rat! As the penny-a-liners say, comment on this would be superfluous; the moral is so evidently—take care how you buy your dogs."

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

We insert the following, which is credited to a distinguished physician, because it needs to be continually held up as a warning before parents. We are pleased to be able to state, however, that in this city there has been a wonderful change of late years in the clothing of children. Not only the arms but the legs and feet are more carefully and warmly covered. The physician in question says:

"I believe that during the twenty years that I have practised my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms naked. Put the bulb of a thermometer in a baby's mouth, the mercury rises to ninety degrees. Now carry the same to its little hand; if the arm be bare, and the evening cool, the mercury will sink to fifty degrees. Of course all the blood that flows through these arms must fall from ten to forty degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say, when these currents of blood flow back into the chest, the child's vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at its frequent recurring affections of the tongue, throat, or stomach? I have seen more than one child with habitual cough and hoarseness, choking with mucus, entirely and permanently relieved by simply keeping the hands and arms warm. Every observing and progressive physician has daily opportunities of witnessing the same cure."

A NEW FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

The French paper, "Galignani," tells the following:—

"An apothecary at Nantes has just discovered, by the merest accident, that ammonia will put out fires. He happened to have about seventy litres of benzine in his cellar, and his boy, in going down carelessly with a light, had set fire to it. Assistance was speedily at hand, and pail after pail of water was being poured into the cellar without producing any effect, when the apothecary himself took up a pail which was standing unused in a corner, and emptied the contents into the cellar. To his astonishment, the flames were quenched as if by magic, and upon examination he found that the pail, which belonged to his laboratory, had contained a quantity of liquid ammonia. The result is easy to explain on scientific principles; for ammonia, which consists of eighty-two parts of nitrogen and eighteen of hydrogen, is easily decomposed by heat; and the nitrogen thus set free in the midst of a conflagration, must infallibly put out the flames. A large supply of liquid ammonia, properly administered, would be the promptest fire-extinguisher ever imagined."

Was not ammonia tried as a fire-extinguisher when this subject was so widely agitated a number of years ago? Nothing came, however, of those attempts, and water still maintained its supremacy. Who remembers? This part of the world should be booked-up before that great comet of which we have heard so much comes along.

CONGRESSIONAL.—We are indebted to the Hon. W. D. Kelley for a copy of his recent very able speech in the House of Representatives; and to Hon. L. Myers for a copy of Mr. Creswell's speech.

Signification of Colors.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Blue.

Its Divine Language.—The symbol of the Spirit is air, the color of which is azure or blue. The Holy Spirit is God, in us, as Love and Truth; these two attributes united, have the dove for their symbol. When Jesus had been baptized, John saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove, and lighting upon Him.

God is love, Christ is Truth. The symbol of God as love, is red; that of Christ as truth, is blue. The Holy Spirit proceeding from both, was represented by red and blue.

The ancients depicted this dogma by etherial fire. In Hindostan the God of Fire, *Agni*, has two faces, symbolical of celestial and earthly fire; he is seated upon a ram of a blue color with red horns*—attributes which we find in Jupiter Ammon, who is painted blue and has the horns of a goat. In the Oriental tongues the word *azure* signifies fire, and in heraldry it denotes the color blue.

The epithet *Jupiter Azur* comprehends this double signification. According to the Greeks, says St. Clement, the etherial fire was their god *Zeus* (Jupiter,) and they made him their supreme god because of his igneous nature. The fragments of Pherecydes bear witness to this dogma.

Etherial fire, or united red and blue, represents the oneness of Love and Wisdom in the "father of gods and men." We find this symbol represented upon Christian monuments by the color violet.

In the various cosmogonies, Divine Wisdom is represented as having created the world; and the God-creator is always of a blue color. Vischnou, according to the sacred books of Hindostan, was born of the color blue.†

Among the Indian monuments, as published by Langles, Vischnou is twice depicted in the act of creating the world; his body is celestial blue. In Egypt the Creator of the universe, Crieph, was painted the color of the sky. In Greece, also, azure was the color of the supreme god, Jupiter.

Its Sacred Language.—In the symbolic tongue there are three varieties of the color blue; the first an emanation of red, the second of white, the third uniting itself to black. These are frequently distinguished by the different shades, but they are sometimes confounded in one.

Blue derived from red, represents etherial fires, its signification is the celestial love of truth, and in the mysteries it relates to the baptism of fire. Blue derived from white indicates the truth of faith, and relates to the living waters of the Bible, or the baptism of the Spirit. Blue united to black, recalls our attention to Cosmogony—to the Spirit of God brooding over chaos. It relates to natural baptism. These three aspects of the same color correspond to the three principal degrees of the ancient initiations, and to the three-fold baptism of Christianity. John said: "I indeed baptize you with *water*; but one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose; He shall baptize you with the *Holy Ghost* and with *fire*.

The degrees here alluded to are depicted in paintings, more particularly, by *red*, *blue*, and *green*. Green, black, and deep blue, indicate the nascent world in the bosom of the primitive waters, and the first degree of initiation. Azure represents the regeneration or *spiritual* formation of man, and red, sanctification. These three degrees are indicated in Genesis; the first in the chaos, animated by the Divine Spirit; the second in the creation of Adam; the third in the sanctification of the seventh day, or rest of Jehovah.

The color which the Greeks called *kyanos* was a blue-black, and we find it thrown into a dramatic form in one of their sacred fables. Between Europe and Asia, at the entrance of the Euxine sea, there are two rugged, rocky islands, against which the waves of the sea continually break with a loud noise, filling the air with blinding foam; these are the celebrated *Cyanee*, or Symplegades. The Argonauts, returning to Colchis, were frightened by their aspect, and let fly a dove, which rejoiced them by passing the obstructions unhurt. The Dove is the symbol of Love. Man, in the course of regeneration, cannot possibly avoid the dangerous rocks of mixed falsehoods and truths, except by realizing in his own bosom love towards God, spiritual truth, and the application of both to natural things—the immovable basis to all regeneration.

Its Profane Language.—Blue signifies Fidelity in its profane language.

The scarabæus, made of blue stone, often adorned the fingers of Egyptian warriors. There are a great number of these in the collections of antiquities. They were the symbols of the oath of fidelity taken by those who became soldiers. According to Horapollo, the scarabæus was the symbol of virility. The ring which bore the effigy of this reptile, and which the military were expected to wear, signified, according to Ælian, that all those who combatted ought to be distinguished for their manliness—that they ought to remain faithful to their oaths.

In Heraldry, blue signifies loyalty, fidelity, and good reputation.

B. Z. S.

* Langels' Monuments de l'Hindoustan, tom. 1, p. 191.

† Extract from the Shaster, in the *Discours Preliminaire du Bhagvat Geeta*, p. 118.

☞ De Quincey says: If once a man indulges in murder, very soon he'll think little of robbing; from robbing he next comes to drinking; from that to ill-manners and procrastination. Once enter this downward path, and you know not where you'll stop.

☞ The health of both this army (of the Potomac) and the army of the James is the subject of general and congratulatory remark. As an instance of the good sanitary condition of the camps, I may mention that one division here has only one hundred and forty-three men in the hospitals. Other divisions compiled nearly as good a record. Some attributed the absence of any general sickness to the issuing of a whiskey ration, but it may be doubted whether this is the true cause. One reason certainly is the comfort with which the men live in their winter quarters, which would exceed in neatness of structure and convenience most of the small frame houses in your city.—*Correspondent of the Philada. Press.*

☞ "Why, Mr. B——," said a tall youth to a little person who was in company with half a dozen huge men, "I protest you are so small that I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the gentleman; "I'm like a sixpence among half a dozen coppers—not readily perceived, but worth the whole of them."

The Authors of "The Scottish Chiefs" and "Thaddeus of Warsaw."

By J. Ross Dix.

Thirty years ago, "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "The Scottish Chiefs" were among the most popular novels of the *day*, and they yet command readers. Dr. Porter, a distinguished physician, practiced in Bristol, and his two sisters, the Misses Jane and Anna Maria Porter, were the authoresses of these and other works. Jane wrote "Thaddeus of Warsaw." A brother of Dr. Porter was also known favorably as an author, he having written a work on Russia, to which country Sir Robert Kerr Porter was sent as ambassador. The Miss Porters resided principally in Edinburgh, but they frequently visited their brother in Bristol.

Jane Porter was one of the most stately-looking women I ever beheld. Persons who had seen Mrs. Siddons said that her face and manners much reminded them of the great actress; and in truth she was majestic. I once saw her to great advantage on the platform at a public meeting of the Church Missionary Society, in the Bristol Assembly Rooms—not as a *speaker*, though I had seen on the same platform, not long before, a petticoated oratress: quite a novelty then. I refer to Peggy Dow, wife of the well-known Lorenzo, who was then on some mission or other from America. As for a woman of Jane Porter's stamp to "speak out in meetin'" one might as well have supposed the Egyptian Sphynx sinking its grandeur, and screaming out over the desert stage a speech on some ism of the day!

Miss Jane Porter had one great advantage, which is granted to but very few authors: she came of a rich family and moved in the first circles. As she sat there in the place of honor, surrounded by the aristocracy and talent of the city, she looked like a queen receiving the homage that was due her. She was dressed in a short-waisted dress of rich black velvet, and over her abundant dark hair, disposed in large coils at the sides and back of the head, but drooping in short, shining curls over the forehead, was thrown a black lace veil, with a corner in front and behind, and the other two corners drawn beneath the chin. I did not see any ornaments. As I write, her portrait—taken about that time—lies before me; it might almost serve for a likeness of Mrs. Siddons. In private life her hair was dark, and arranged in short curls; the eyes were large and dark, with a soft, contemplative expression; the face oval, and the nose slightly aquiline. Once, several years afterwards, I met her at a Clifton Tea Party, but she had greatly altered, and looked quite an old woman. It was just after the appearance of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," with which she was so delighted, that she declared she would visit Scotland for the purpose of seeing the author and viewing the scenery of the poem. By birth she was of Irish origin.

Her conversational powers were not great, and she had a stately way of talking that seemed affected; but those who knew her best said it was perfectly natural. Her sister, Anna Maria, who wrote "The Scottish Chiefs," was the very opposite of her in this, as in most other respects—they only resembled each other in the genius common to both. Anna was charming and chatty—extremely sociable and familiar with *every* one around her. She was witty also, and frequently satirical; so much so that her graver sister, Jane, frequently had to interpose a "Hush, Anna!" when the latter was in the full swing of her raillery. Anna was the opposite of her sister also in appearance: she was a *blonde*, and of a gay disposition.

The last time I saw the Miss Porters was when Kosciusko visited Bristol, to which city he went purposely to see and pay his respects to the authoress of "Thaddeus of Warsaw." A public breakfast was given to him at which she was present; in fact, she poured out the Polish patriot's tea, and fairly shared with him the honors of the occasion. She died some years since at Bath; her sister had preceded her to the tomb, and the family is now, I believe, extinct.

Sensible Talk.

I have been asked, sometimes, how I could perform so large an amount of work with apparently so little diminution of strength. I attribute my power of endurance to a long formed habit of observing, every day of my life, the simple laws of health; and none more than those of eating. It ceases any longer to be a matter of self-denial. It is almost like an instinct. If I have a severe tax on my brain in the morning, I cannot eat heartily at breakfast. If the whole day is to be one of exertion, I eat very little until the exertion is over. I know that two forces cannot be concentrated in activity at the same time in the body. I know that when the stomach works, the brain must rest, and when the brain works, the stomach must rest.

If I am going to be moving about out of doors a great deal, I can give a full swing to my appetite; which is never exceedingly bad. But if I am engaged actively, and necessarily in mental labor, I cannot eat much. And I have made eating with regularity and with reference to what I have to do a habit so long, that it ceases any longer to be a subject of thought. It almost takes care of itself. I attribute much of my ability to endure good work, to good habits of eating, constant attention to the laws of sleep, physical exercise, and general cheerfulness.

There is one thing more to be said in this connection. It is not a matter of epicureanism that a man should be dainty concerning the food he eats. On the contrary, I hold that a civilized man ought to be civilized in his cookery. I suppose one of the infallible signs of the millennium will be a better regulated kitchen; a kitchen that sends out food that will not make Christian men sick.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Insects as a Food.—In Africa they eat ants stewed in butter. In Sweden they distil them with rye, to give a peculiar flavor to brandy. Pressed ant-eggs yield a mixture resembling chocolate with milk, of which the chemical composition resembles that of ordinary milk. The large termites, or white ants, which are so destructive to houses and furniture, are roasted by the Africans in iron pots, and eaten by the handfuls as sugar-plums. They are said to be very nourishing, and taste like sugared cream or sweet almond paste. As for locusts, "the Africans," says Dr. Phipson, "far from dreading their invasions, look upon a dense cloud of locusts as we should upon so much bread and butter in the air. They smoke them, or boil them, or salt them, or stew them, or grind them down as corn, and get fat on them."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The publishers of this new Magazine, in entering upon the second year of its existence, beg leave to offer their thanks to the reading public for the support which they have so liberally extended to them. Very few Magazines have been able, in their second year, to boast of so large a circulation as that to which THE LADY'S FRIEND has now attained. Referring to the numbers already published as indicative of the character of our Magazine, we may briefly say that it will continue to be devoted to Choice Literature and the Illustration of the Fashions. It will contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Capes, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of the following

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A HANDSOME STEEL FANCY ENGRAVING and a SUPERB COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of the Fashions, Patterns, &c., too numerous to detail.

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In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers:—

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Our terms are the same as those of that well-known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *eighteen* years—in order that the Clubs may be made up of the paper and the magazine conjointly when it is so desired—and are as follows:—

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,	$2.50
Two copies, "	4.00
Four copies, "	8.00
Eight copies " and one to getter up of club,	16.00
Twenty " " and one to getter up of club,	35.00
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☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us), twenty-five cents.

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☞ SPECIMEN COPIES will be sent to those desirous of getting up Clubs on the receipt of Fifteen Cents.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

A New Historical Theory.—Mr. Henry Charles Coote, an English writer, has published a book, entitled "A Neglected Fact in English History," in which he supposes that during the Roman period the greater part of what is now called England was occupied by a Belgic population, which had begun to settle in Britain before the arrival of Julius Cæsar; that these Belgians were Teutonic, and that it is to them the Anglo-Saxon institutions are due so far as they are identical with the Romans, and the Anglo-Saxon language. This Teutonic population he considers to be the same which the old Welsh writers call Loegrians, and speak of as though they were an entirely different race from themselves. The Anglo-Saxons of the period of the Teutonic invasions came in by force, and took possession of the legal and social institutions which the Romans had abandoned. The author supports these views with ingenuity and learning, and has pointed out the Roman element in Anglo-Saxon England more fully and more satisfactorily than any previous writer.

☞ Dr. F. B. Staals, physician to the Albany Penitentiary, states in a recent report that:—"In a practice of forty-six years, I have never known a negro of pure blood to have delirium tremens."

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The publishers of THE POST would call the attention of their host of old friends and the public to their Prospectus for the coming year. THE POST still continues to maintain its proud position as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER,

and arrays weekly its solid and numerous columns of

CHOICE LITERATURE,

including STORIES, SKETCHES, POETRY, ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, and everything of an interesting character designed

TO INSTRUCT AND AMUSE.

A FAMILY OF CHILDREN who read a good literary paper weekly, can scarcely fail to become more cultivated and intelligent under its influence—their stock of general information, especially, will be greatly enlarged. That THE POST has exerted this beneficial influence in thousands of cases,

THOUSANDS OF ITS OLD PATRONS WILL TESTIFY.

Therefore

SUBSCRIBE TO THE POST,

and see if you do not note a gradual improvement in the minds and manners of your family. Its varied lessons on all subjects, cannot fail of being productive of more or less good.

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3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, 100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty Dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere at less than Fifty-five Dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five Dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be partly composed of subscribers to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

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One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4.00

☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired. Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in United States notes. For all amounts over Five Dollars we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities, *payable to our order.*

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy.

What the Wind Says.

"Do you know what the wind says, grandpa?" asked a little child at an old merchant's knee.

"No, puss; what does it?" he answered, stroking her fair hair.

"Remember the poor! grandpa; when it comes down the chimney it roars, remember the poor; when it puts its great mouth to the keyhole, it whistles, remember the poor; when it strides through a crack in the door, it whispers it; and, grandpa, when it blows your beautiful silver hair about in the street, and you shiver and button up your coat, does not it get to your ear and say so too, in a small, still voice, grandpa?"

"Why, what does the child mean?" cried grandpa, who, I am afraid, had used to shut his heart against such words. "You want a new muff and tippet, I reckon. A pretty way to get them out of your old grandfather."

"No, grandpa," said the child, earnestly, shaking her head, "no; it's no muff-and-tippet children I'm thinking of; my mother always remember them, and so do I try to."

After the next storm, the old merchant sent pounds to the treasurer of a Relief Society, and said, "Call for more when you want it." The treasurer stared with surprise, for it was the first time he had ever collected more than a pound from him, and that, he thought, came grudgingly.

"Why," said the rich merchant afterwards, "I could never get rid of that child's words; they stuck to me like glue."

"And a little child shall lead them," says the Scripture. How many a cold heart has melted, and a close heart opened, by the simple earnestness and suggestive words of a child.

☞ The Juniata Sentinel says a young woman named Coder, daughter of a soldier of the 40th Pennsylvania, died from a singular cause a few days ago. She had a pin in her mouth, and, falling asleep, awoke to find it lodged somewhere in her throat. Medical aid was summoned, but in vain. She lingered for several days, and expired in the most excruciating agony.

LATEST NEWS.

Gen. Grant arrived at Annapolis on Saturday on his way to Washington. He is reported to have said that a deserter has come into Gen. Terry's lines, and reports that the rebels have evacuated Wilmington, after firing about $30,000,000 worth of cotton, but the Federal troops arrived in time to prevent its destruction.

Charleston dispatches of the 16th contain accounts of the attack on Pocotaligo bridge by the Federal forces, and the evacuation of the place by the rebels. The rebel forces took a position behind the Combahee river. The same dispatches say that Hood's losses during his campaign were 8,000, and that he has plenty of artillery. It is rumored in Richmond that Hood has been superseded by Gen. Dick Taylor.

Fort Caswell, at Wilmington, and the steamers Tallahassee and Chickamauga have been blown up by the rebels.

Five blockade-runners have been captured in Cape Fear River since the surrender of Fort Fisher.

General Thomas's army, a Cairo despatch states, is about to go into winter quarters in its present position, on the Tennessee.

A Washington despatch states that it is untrue that Mr. Blair was in consultation with the President and Cabinet previous to his departure for Richmond.

Wm. D. Kelley, Congressman from Philadelphia (Fourth District) was attacked on Friday night in the corridor of Willard's Hotel, Washington, by Judge Field, of Louisiana, and had his hand cut open to the bone by a bowie knife.

☞ How to Rob Bee-Hives.—A soldier arrived from Savannah, who was through with Sherman, tells of the trip, as reported in the Dayton Journal: The boys learned how to rob bee-hives without the penalty of stinging. The plan was to rapidly approach a hive, take it up suddenly, and hoisting it upon the shoulder, with the open end behind, to run like thunder. The bees hustle out and fly back to the place where the hive stood. The honey belongs to the boys, who win it!

☞ The Alphabet of Treason.—A. B. C. D.: Arnold, Burr, Calhoun, Davis.

☞ Sherman's receipt for peace is to divide the Confederacy into pieces.

☞ Governor Andrews, in his message, states that Massachusetts has on hand at the present time a surplus stock of twenty-nine thousand females between the ages of fifteen and forty. In the Western States the excess is on the part of the males, and in Oregon the males double that of the females in number. Why can't the thing be balanced somehow?

☞ An army correspondent of the Hartford Courant thinks it may interest deserters to know that those who are convicted of this offence are hung in the Army of the Potomac, and shot in the Army of the James, as it gives them an opportunity of selecting their mode of exit.

☞ The new three-cent notes are now issued. The note is neat in design and execution.

☞ Gold in Charleston.—The Charleston Mercury of the 14th says:—"The heavy tumble in gold during the last few days has excited no little remark. There seems to be a complete reaction from the panic which prevailed a fortnight ago in the specie market. We heard of several considerable sales of gold at $40 for $1 yesterday, and the demand for sterling exchange is now very slack at $85 for $1."

☞ Bloodhounds were found in almost innumerable numbers along the route of Sherman's march through Georgia. A correspondent estimates that these "dogs of war," kept for the purpose of hunting down Union refugees and escaped prisoners, were slaughtered at the rate of five hundred daily, during the famous "retreat."

☞ Hon. Francis P. Blair, Sr., says he was very kindly received by Jefferson Davis and Mrs. Davis, and was sumptuously entertained by them. He has gone back to Richmond again.

☞ Gottschalk's agent ran away a few days since with $20,000 belonging to the eminent pianist.

☞ There is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscription on the mind; accident of the same sort may also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil, and that they are waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall be withdrawn.

☞ The latest "oil story" is that of an old lady in West Virginia, who took the advice of a visitor and poured some petroleum along the streams which watered her farm. The report spread abroad of surface indications on the land, and a brigade of oil hunters came, who bought the land at a fabulous price, the owners agreeing to give the old lady one-eighth of the oil. The purchasers set up their derrick and put down an augur, and in a short time struck a well which yields one hundred barrels of oil per day.

☞ Plumbago and charcoal are composed of the same substance—carbon; but, while charcoal is very combustible, plumbago is used for making retorts to resist intense heat.

☞ Unless all signs fail, the "quarrel" with the South will be severe. Our troops overturned eighteen hundred and twenty salt kettles at Saltville.

☞ The gray-haired reprobate who called the new iron-clad Richard Murphy, when everybody knew it to be Dick-tater, has been convicted and sentenced to dye with somebody's hair restorer.

☞ It is stated, as a new discovery, that wonderful effects may be obtained by watering fruit trees and vegetables with a solution of sulphate of iron. Under this system beans will grow to nearly double the size, and will acquire a much more savory taste. The pear seems to be particularly well adapted to this treatment. Old nails thrown into water and left to rust there, will impart to it all the necessary qualities for forcing vegetation as described. (Doubtful.)

☞ An industrious statistican calculated that a tobacco-chewer spits 525 gallons in 25 years.

☞ Fame is represented bearing a trumpet. Would not the picture be truer were she to hold a handfull of dust?

☞ It is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness, not to know when we have got it—that is, not to be content with a reasonable and possible measure of it.

WRECK OF THE HAVELOCK.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

["As time were on, and as all efforts to obtain communication with the shore proved fruitless, and the ill-fated vessel was being rapidly knocked to pieces, her crew seemed to have given up all hope; they assembled on deck, and joined in singing a hymn, the sound of their voices while so engaged being distinctly audible through the fury of the storm to those on shore."—*Press.*]

The waves ran mountain high—
The ship was breaking fast
Beneath a frowning sky,
Mid shrieking of the blast.

Far glimmering on the coast
Faint, friendly lights were seen;
But ocean wildly tossed,
And breakers rolled between.

The passengers and crew
Awe-struck stood round on deck;
No human power they knew
Could now avert the wreck.

They gazed on sky and sea,
On ship and distant shore—
And listened fearfully
To ocean's sullen roar.

Then came a solemn sound
From one who knelt in prayer—
And mid the storm around
Sad music rose in air.

Then suddenly each voice
Unto God's praise was given,
And clear, above the noise,
A hymn arose to Heaven.

Then came a fearful crash—
Old ocean seized his prey—
And with remorseless dash,
Swept ship—crew—all—away.

Philadelphia. G. D. C.

THE DEATH MESSAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLE ST. AUBYN.

I am not superstitious. All my life I have been noted among my friends for a singular freedom from all feminine timidity or superstitious fear. Therefore, the facts I am about to place before you, I beg to assert, are perfectly free from exaggeration—uncolored by any emotions of the fancy. I do not pretend to account for them—only to say they are too fearfully true.

My husband was one of the first to swell the ranks in defence of our country—first to answer her call for aid—to take upon himself privation, hardship, danger, that she might live for all time, loved, honored and spotless in the eyes of other nations. Never a faltering step or cry of complaint attested weakness; and this I know better than any one perhaps. It is a comfort to remember it, now that he comes no more—to know that he was "faithful unto death." And yet, oh, my darling—would I had died for thee.

Many months ago he sent me from him while he entered upon the dangers of an important expedition. During the days of preparation, little white-winged messengers fluttered into my quiet retreat with cheering words and hopeful anticipations. But at last they ceased, and I knew that he had passed into the enemy's country—that I should hear from him no more until the object he had in view should have been attained.

What I suffered in those days of suspense and dread, a few will understand, who have gone through like ordeals. The days seemed one long stretch of agony. Usual occupations lost their interest. In spite of myself my powers of self-control seemed daily slipping away from me, until I at length grew feverish and restless, and could only wander about "wearily waiting."

One evening a lady came into my room with a strange story about a Clairvoyant to whom she had made a visit. I will not repeat her narration. It seemed to me wild, improbable and silly; but after she had gone, the idea occurred to me that a like experiment might serve to while away the weary hours with something of novelty, and though I felt a little ashamed of such folly, I resolved to make this woman a visit.

It was evening. The clock struck eight just as my visitor left the room, and I acted upon the idea as soon as it came to me. Donning a large dark cloak with a hood, and throwing a thick veil over my head, I passed out quietly and took the direction to the place which she had incidentally mentioned. Without the slightest difficulty I found the house and entered. The house was small, meanly furnished, and in a very disagreeable locality, but I had expected this, so it gave me no trouble. The way to it led through innumerable small streets and narrow courts—strange to the eye, offensive to smell; but, as I have said, I am not timid, and it did not occur to me that danger might lurk in this miserable quarter of a great city, though I should certainly have admitted the rashness of this step had I paused to think.

The Clairvoyant proved a pleasant person—poor and illiterate—but obliging and kind. I made an effort before entering the little cottage to throw off the sadness that oppressed me, that it might avoid giving her any clue to the state of my mind. I succeeded admirably. When I stated my business, it was in a careless, laughing manner. I said:—

"Curiosity has led me here. I want to see if you can tell me anything of the past, present or future. If you can do it, probably I may be led to believe in Clairvoyant power. But I warn you, I am not credulous. I must have positive proof."

She laughed.

"You are one of the inquiring kind and demand tests. Whether you get them is not dependent upon myself. You must be the judge after I am placed beyond your control—in a trance state."

I smiled incredulously, but took the chair she placed for me. She assumed another at the opposite side of the table, and her hands were quietly laid upon it before her.

She was not looking at me. Her eyes drooped in a steady gaze at the figures upon the table-cover. I scanned her features closely. Nothing in her manner indicated deceit or a desire to practice upon the incredulity of the public. Her face was an honest, frank one, unusually genial and pleasant to look at, though far from pretty. One strong proof most favorable to her honesty, was a total absence of interested motives. She made no charges for "sittings." It appeared she did it only to oblige her friends at first, and strangers had gradually heard of her wonderful power until her house at length was sought out by many. She might have done well if she would. She was very poor, and a small fee would certainly have been due for the time she yielded to the gratification of the curious. But she refused to do it, dreading the imputation it would fix upon her.

In about five minutes she drew a heavy breath and her hands dropped beside her like one in a deep sleep. To my surprise I observed a marked change in her features, which had become fearfully pale. Her lips wore a bluish cast and were drawn tightly over the teeth. Then the breath came heavy and labored like that of a dying person. Yet all this affected me but little. I was not a whit more inclined to be credulous, nor in the least excited.

Gradually she grew quiet, and her respiration grew natural and easy. One hand was extended toward me, into which I silently laid mine; and then she spoke in a changed and solemn voice—

"Mary, I am sorry that you came here to-night—sorry for two reasons. First, that it brings danger to yourself; secondly, because you will find no happiness in the revelations I am called upon to make. You do not believe now, but you will soon."

I confess to being a little startled at hearing my own name spoken by a stranger; but remained very quiet, suffering her to proceed.

"You will receive a proof of what you are now about to hear, as you go home to-night. You will find yourself in danger, but will not actually receive personal injury. In the second test, you will not escape with so much ease, for the blow that must fall will be lasting in its effect. Now I will make the medium see and paint for you a picture. Only remember, my child, that God is merciful."

"Who calls me child?" curiously.

"Who should call you child, but a parent," was the reply. "I am your father."

"Prove it by giving me your first name."

"Still doubtful? I used to write my name 'Edward.' You have it engraved in the ring that was your mother's, now upon your hand."

This was strictly true, and I felt a strange sensation of awe creeping over me, but I maintained my calmness and freedom from fear. Perhaps it may seem singular that this should be so, yet reason sustained me throughout. If it were possible that my father could return to me, why should I fear him?

"Please go on," I said, "I am satisfied."

"I see," said the medium, staring now with wide open eyes into vacancy, "a dark wood through which a body of cavalry is passing. There is a squad of men in advance, as if reconnoitering. Just in the rear are some officers—two captains, a lieutenant, and a colonel, riding ahead of the main body of men. They appear to be in earnest consultation. They do not march in order. Now the colonel rides apart and one of the captains joins him. They are talking very earnestly together. Now he raises his hand to a side pocket and takes something from it which he hands to the captain, who looks at it and smiles. He speaks. I hear him say:—

"'So, that is your Mary?'

"They speak of yourself. The superior officer is your husband, and he gives a charge concerning you to his friend. He says if anything happens to him, there is a package among his effects which he is to carry and deliver to you personally. It would seem that his mind runs much into thoughts of you, and he cannot banish a presentiment of coming evil.

"Hark! There is a sound as of hoofs upon the soft earth. The scouts are returning. They bring news of danger. The enemy is advancing in superior forces against them. But it is too late to retreat or even to seek shelter. They range into lines of battle, resolved to meet the foe like heroes.

"On they come! Oh, horrors, the poor fellows fall like rain before the light artillery of the enemy, planted so as to cover them where they stand. Your husband rides at the head of his men. He has received a shot in the left side. Ah! he reels in his saddle—he calls your name—he falls heavily! My God, it is fearful! The whole regiment is hemmed in—made prisoners the few left. The one for whom you wait and pray will come no more!"

I sat mute, paralyzed with horror. Great drops of prespiration ran from her forehead, and every action was impressive; the picture brought before me so really, I grew weak and sick at heart. It seemed as if death had seized me.

A reaction came. If it had not, my strength would have forsaken me entirely. Fierce and burning anger took possession of my mind against the medium. I felt as if I must strike her with all the force of which I was mistress; and fearful of yielding to the impulse, I threw a piece of money upon the table and abruptly left the cottage.

It was three or four squares to the nearest point at which I could take the cars, and fearful of having remained out too late for prudence, I hurried forward, eager to get to my own chamber where I could give free vent to my pent-up feelings. As I passed through the little court to the street, two men obstructed my way. In brushing past them, some movement must have revealed my watch and chain, as well as the diamond ring I wore upon my finger so thoughtlessly. Their eager glances, and low murmured words ere I passed beyond hearing, recalled me to a recollection of my folly in coming out at night unattended, with enough valuable jewels upon my person to attract the attention of, perhaps villainous, unscrupulous men. My cloak and veil hid the brooch and earrings, but they had seen enough, and I was not surprised when I heard them following me.

The streets were nearly dark now, and aided by the friendly gloom I ran, but the distance was not increased, for they ran also, and it was diminished instead. But a few moments more and I should be past danger however. Yet to gain safety, I must pass through a narrow little street almost as dark as it was possible for a street to be. There was not a lamp. They had either been extinguished or never lighted, and all I had to guide me was a straggling gleam now and then from a dingy window. But once through this, I knew I should be in a well-lighted street, and under the protection of the police.

I had scarcely entered this narrow street, when I heard them again quicken their pace to a run, and gathering my long dress from the pavement to prevent its sweep from retarding my flight, I sped lightly over the way for dear life. Yet they gained upon me rapidly. Their heavy boots seemed to fall close beside me in the chase, when a lucky accident gave me a chance for escape. A deeper darkness upon my left seemed to indicate a court, and at a venture I plunged into it, sheltering myself within its gloom. Oh, that one moment of agony! I gathered the folds of my cloak to my lips to stifle the sound of my panting breath, and they passed on without pausing. I waited only to take off my gaiters, which was done in an instant, as they had elastic sides, and then darted away swiftly the way I had come. The distance was greater, but it led me beyond immediate danger, and enabled me to baffle my pursuers. I turned the first corner, ran down the street to the next, and again up that until I came within sight of a policeman, and then paused to take breath.

In another moment the welcome guardian of the night was near me, and I begged his protection, telling him that I had been pursued. He scanned me closely, asking a number of questions, till I saw he was suspicious of me, and made a candid statement of facts without circumlocution, at the same time replacing my gaiters.

"A foolish fancy brought me out unattended. I visited a Clairvoyant in —— street, and was so heedless as not to remove my jewels. It has taught me a useful lesson, I trust."

He accepted my acknowledgment, and kindly saw me to a street car. In a little while afterwards I was safe at home.

After this adventure, a weary month passed unbroken by positive intelligence of my husband's fate. Rumors of disasters had reached me, but that was all. My sufferings were terrible. I wrote to his commanding general, but got no reply, and despair seized me.

One evening I sat by my fire, listening to the beating of an autumn rain against the window-panes, when a visitor was announced.

"He looks like a soldier," the girl said in answer to my question. "But he gave no name; only said he wished to see you upon business of importance."

I rose immediately and went to the parlor, feeling that news had come at last. A fire glowed in the grate, and the stranger sat before it, his clothes dripping with rain. He arose as I entered, and at a glance I saw that he was a slender man, with sad eyes, and a gentle, almost womanly face. His left arm was in a sling—his whole appearance that of a man who had suffered bitterly.

"You wished to see me, sir," I said, advancing.

"I did, madam. Here is a package for you which I was charged to give into your own hands. But before you open it, let me beg you, if you have faith in God, to call it to your aid now. You will need all your strength."

"My God!" I gasped, sinking into a chair. "Then it is true! Oh! my husband!—my husband!"

I clasped the little package to my bosom and moaned over it. No tears came to relieve my agony. Only dry, heavy sobs, that seemed to rend my very soul with their depth and anguish.

The stranger tried to comfort me. He told me how closely their lives had been twined together—how noble he was, how he loved him. How often my darling had talked to him of me. But oh! there was comfort in nothing for me more.

But why prolong the sad story? I have only shown how the vision was true to the letter. How that death-message has bowed me to the earth, God only can know. To-night, at twenty-five, I sit lonely and widowed, listening to the howlings of a wintry storm, beating upon the bright young head of my darling, lying afar in a nameless grave. I cannot even bend to weep over his resting-place, for the dear form was buried in the enemy's country, together with his brave followers. Oh! may God preserve those who may read this from a sorrow like mine.

UNDER THE LINDEN TREES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Under the linden trees, Genie,
When the sun hung low in the west,
And the rose-trees their chalice of fragrance,
Tossed low on the earth's dewy breast;
While the whippowil sang in the woodland,
And the wind came fresh o'er the lea,—
We stood with hearts filled with gladness,
Under the bright linden trees.

Under the linden trees, Genie,
To-night I stand all alone;
Chill comes the wind from the eastward,
And the whippowill's song is a moan.
Beyond the river, my darling,
Through nights as lonely as these,
For me you're waiting and praying,
'Neath the heavenly linden trees.

SARAH A. DYER.

THE FLAMING DEATH.

A LEAF FROM HISTORY.

The time of year is on us again when crinoline will be coming into dangerous proximity to fires. Fain would we suggest thoughts of caution to our matrons and maidens; but experience has made us skeptical touching the efficacy of good advice. On this particular matter we have largely catechised our fair friends, and have not yet found one to have been practically influenced by the advice given in the public papers.

Sydney Smith had great faith in the force of an illustrious example. He thought the moral lesson involved in the sacrifice of a bishop or a lord occasionally necessary, in order to keep alive our interest in the maintenance of the general security. And no doubt there is a great deal of truth in this notion.

So perhaps an illustrious example of death from the incautious use of inflammable garments, may have effect where mere advice would fail. There is a story of the kind which we should like to *efficher* in every boudoir throughout this realm—a story of death among courtiers, and deadly peril to a king; and all because they trifled with just the kind of risk that is involved in the incautious use of crinoline. The actual material in question was of another kind; but this makes no difference as to the main point. The folly to be deprecated is that of investing one's-self with trappings which, being highly inflammable, and so assumed as not to be easily shaken off, must, in case of their igniting, cause the torture and death of the wearer; at least according to all reasonable expectation.

Poor Charles VI. of France is our hero, that unfortunate monarch whose reign was one scene of wrong and violence, of detriment to the country, and misery to the people. Frenchmen, however, of old always persisted in loving their kings if they possibly could get the chance. In the exaltation of their loyalty they were especially attached to one whom it had pleased Providence to bereave of his reason, and who could exercise government only at lucid intervals. He was not to be blamed for the general confusion, and for his sake it was that they took all patiently. Their very grievances became the ailment of compassionate devotion. "How must the King suffer," they would say, "when he came to understand how ill his ministers behaved to the people!"

Isabelle of Bavaria, his wicked consort, was not the sort of woman to trouble herself about other people's sorrows. King and people might go their way, be as mad as they pleased, or as wretched, provided she might be left to enjoy herself. As for her lord and master, she was willing to resign him to the blandishments of a "petite reine" and to seek compensation elsewhere. As for the people, she could not afford to bother herself about such *canaille*. What she did care for was her own will.

On a certain occasion she had a very fair excuse for extravagance, and set herself to make the most of the opportunity. A marriage was to be celebrated between one of her ladies and a gentleman of the court. The lady was one of her own Bavarians, and of course a special favorite. No one could blame her for being a little extravagant in honor of such an event, and accordingly she laid herself out to entertain on an unusual scale of magnificence.

In those days the popular taste demanded large doses of the grotesque. Religious processions were half caricature, and their solemn pomps of welcome to sovereign princes presented features that to us seem sufficiently inadmissible. However each age has its code of toleration and appreciation. Such was the prescription of that age, and the Queen was not likely to be before the times in such matters. Accordingly she felt that her arrangements would be incomplete if they were to be simply matter of fact in character. She must have some burlesque, some practical joke, or the whole thing would be a failure. This was good as a standing rule; but on this particular occasion there were special reasons for being riotous, for the bride was a widow, and a widow's marriage is a fair opportunity for a *charivari* all the world over.

The matter was emphatically settled, when some one hit on the happy suggestion that nothing would be more likely to amuse the King. He, poor man, was then in the enjoyment of a lucid interval, and therefore susceptible of the influences of merriment. An extravagant frolic, by calling into play the full force of his powers of laughter, might serve to dispel the dark humors that constituted his melancholy, and so perhaps work in him a radical cure. The physicians backed this notion, and of course thenceforth there remained for the courtiers nothing but a rivalry of suggestion, and of proffered service.

The original hint was improved on by somebody else, who voted that the King himself should take part in the mummery, whatever it might be. This would not only benefit the King's health, and give eclat to the performance, but was an arrangement that might in the sequel prove highly convenient to all parties concerned. The royal complicity would cover all individual responsibility as to any assaults and batteries that might fall out in the high tide of merriment, and that might, *per se*, be voted a little too bad.

"And what," said the Queen, "shall our extravaganza be, and who will broach the subject to his majesty?"

"I," said the Sire de Guisay, "am the man for your need. I have devised a masque, that, when you see it, will make you laugh till you cry; and the King will not say me nay when I ask him to join in any revel."

A bad man was this Sire de Guisay, and despised by all the wisdom of the land, on account of his debaucheries and evil example. He was cruel and oppressive to his inferiors, that is, to the whole population of his native land, except his fellow courtiers. We are told that he delighted in bruising and beating with sticks and whips all who came within his power, treating them like dogs, and trampling them under foot with boot and spur. He would insult their lamentations, and bid them "howl away like dogs as they were." Still he passed for a fine young gentleman, and was a great friend of the King's, and any proposition emanating from him would be likely to be followed. What he did propose was that the King and a certain number of the young lords should disguise themselves as wild men of the woods, and burst in suddenly on the assembled dancers. Everybody would fly from them, right and left; and in the space left vacant they might perform a ballet to be composed for them by the master of the revels. This would bring the ladies back; when they might jump in among them, and as savages, more especially as being irrecognisable, might have fine fun with them. This was to be followed by a row with the men, which would give them the opportunity of winding up by breaking a few heads with their clubs. They were to catch hold of any one they pleased, and to climb and jump without restriction.

The King took to the notion at once, reserving only one point. The Queen must be got out of the way; as of course her person was sacred, and the very cream of this jest was that hands were to be kept off no one. The Sire de Guisay applauded the royal sagacity, and further suggested that the Dukes of Burgundy and Berri, the uncles of the King, and the guardians of the realm, should be got out of the way also, as respectable marplots.

The King undertook that so it should be; and gave her majesty to understand that the plan which they were concocting for the forthcoming revel was such as to demand her absence at the moment of execution. She knew, of course, what was in agitation, and agreed to withdraw from the saloon at a preconcerted signal. The two dukes were not less complaisant. They took in good part their nephew's explanation; and in truth were not sorry to be spared participation in the boisterous orgies of the Hotel de S. Paul. Perhaps they scarcely considered that this was to leave the King and his boon companions to riot without check!

The question of costume presented some difficulties. How were these wild men to be dressed? It would be awkward to make them up as Fauns and Satyrs, on account of the composite character of those creatures. They must play their part as bipeds, or the programme could not be carried out. Now, wild men of the woods could not be supposed to make elaborate toilettes, and yet, as his majesty observed, they must be clothed with something.

The Sire de Guisay took the dilemma by the horns. He devised a dress which should be complete as a covering, and in appearance come sufficiently near the rough hide of a wild beast, to pass muster by torchlight. It was much like what is worn by the figurantes in tableaux-vivants—a tight investiture allowing free play to the limbs; with this fatal difference, that it was rendered highly inflammable. The wild men must be covered with hair. Accordingly, the tightly-fitting garments were to be covered with flax. This flax might have been secured by needle and thread, but they preferred agglutination to the surface. So the linen dresses were soaked in resin, and smeared with resin, and tufted all over with flax, till they were brought to a condition in which ignition would be certain and inextinguishable, should a spark of fire fall upon them.

The maskers were six in number, including the King and De Guisay. At the set time they attired themselves, and prepared to make their entry. One of them, Sir Evan de Foix, had some misgivings as to the dangerous nature of the frolic, and alone of the party seems to have had a glimmer of common sense. They were about to rush into a room full of lights, and being all chained together—for in this fashion they were to be led by the King, as bear-ward—it would be impossible for any individual to bargain for what might happen.

"Sire," said Sir Evan, "it is undoubted that if one of us catch fire, the whole number will soon be as so many burnt chestnuts—including your majesty."

The King looked blank for a moment: the idea was new, and he did not like it. Perhaps he might even then have altered the order of proceedings, but the fatality that seemed to mark De Guisay as an evil adviser was then culminating.

"Who is to set us on fire?" he asked. "Who will be such a traitor as not to be careful where the safety of the King is involved?"

"At least," said Sir Evan, "let all precaution be taken. Let his majesty be pleased to give orders that no person with lights shall approach us."

"That shall be at once done," said Charles; and instantly sending for the officer who had chief charge of the saloon, he gave instructions that all the torch-bearers should be collected together on one side of the room, and that none of them should on any pretence venture to approach a party of savage men who were about to enter and perform a dance.

But how *do* accidents occur all over the world, and throughout all times? How *do* men exclaim, "Who would have thought it?"

Who would have thought that just at that moment, when space had been cleared, and danger removed, the Duke of Orleans should make his appearance in the apartment? He was attended by six torches, which should, in obedience to orders, have been forbidden entrance. But it was a hard thing to dictate to the first prince of the blood. He could scarcely be included in any general order, so he was allowed to pass.

Then came the roar of acclamation. The general crowd had known that something was about to happen, and that in that something the King was concerned. When they saw the procession they were tumultuous in their delight. In came the King, leading the chained band of savages, who symbolized the trophies of his prowess. He led them round the room once or twice to salute the ladies, they amusing everybody the while with their tricks and *gambades*. Everybody was guessing at their names; everybody in high glee, and if the torches had been kept apart, all would no doubt have continued to go well.

The King, neglecting for a moment his assumed part, stopped with one of the groups of ladies. His aunt, the Duchess de Berri, was among them, and he amused himself with mystifying and tormenting her. On this slight thread depended his salvation; for the rest of the party passed on and left him isolated.

The Duke of Orleans had not been behind the scenes, and knew nothing of what was going on. Like everybody else, he was immensely amused at the joke; and being a privileged person, drew near to see if he could identify the individuals. Unhappily his torch-bearers followed him, and in the excitement of the moment were overlooked by the sergeants-at-arms, or allowed to pass as belonging to the Duke.

The Duke peered into their faces, trying to identify the individuals. Coming to Sir Evan de Foix, he shouted out his name, and seized him by the arm. Sir Evan struggled to escape. The Duke seized a torch from one of the bearers and held it close to the features of the unfortunate youth. Some one jostled him at the moment, and the torch was brought into contact with the flax of his dress. In one moment Sir Evan was blazing from head to foot, and in a few seconds the whole company of maskers were involved in the flames. Being chained together, it seemed impossible that any of them could escape. Their frantic struggles served only to draw them more closely together, and mix them up more and more inextricably in one mass.

Happily the King was all this time detached from the party, amusing himself with the Duchess de Berri. When first the alarm was given, he made as though he would have rushed to help his companions; but the duchess, pretty well guessing who he was, threw her arms round him and forcibly withheld him.

"Do you not see," she said, "that your companions are perishing, and that nothing can save you if you go near them in that dress?" And then finding that it really was the King, she called those who forcibly removed him from the room, and made him change his dress, while a messenger was sent to the Queen to inform her that his majesty was safe.

But a horrible fear possessed the bystanders—by whom this little episode had been unnoticed—that one of the writhing figures before them was their King. In the first instant of alarm, Sir Evan had cried out "Save the King!" not being aware that his majesty had strayed away. Poor young man! His providence and devotion seem meet for a gentler fate. He thought of his King's safety before his own; but unselfishness could not save him, and he perished.

So did they all except the Chevalier de Nantouillet. He, too, must have been burnt to death, had he not in the frenzy of his struggles succeeded in breaking his chain. With that exceptional presence of mind that a great crisis will evoke, he remembered having observed near the entry of the apartments a large trough or tank in which the scullions were washing dishes. All a-blaze he rushed through the room, everybody making way for him, and threw himself

into this water, which was sufficient for a complete immersion. This saved his life.

And of that gay party of revellers he was the sole survivor, except the King, who was considered to owe his preservation to a miracle. Surrounded by friends eager to assist, they perished for lack of assistance; because that was what no human power could afford. Two were consumed on the spot, and two lingered for a few days; but death was the result to all but Nantouillet.

And this was all because they were guilty of the folly of ignoring an actual liability—treating as croakers those who would remind them of danger: because, in short, they put on highly inflammable dresses, and ventured within range of circumstances where any carelessness with respect to fire was sure to be deadly.

"BYE-AND-BYE."

Was the parting very bitter?
  Was the hand-clasp very tight?
Is a storm of tear-drops falling
  From a face all sad and white?
Think not of it, in the future
  Calmer, fairer days are nigh;
Gaze not backward, but look onward
  For a sunny "bye-and-bye."

Were some whispered words too cherished?
  Was the touch of lips too sweet?
Are two souls once linked together
  Never, never more to meet?
Never here, earth's poor, vain passion
  Slowly smouldering out must die,
But its ashes shall return you
  Something purer "bye-and-bye."

Was the priceless love you lavished
  Sought for, played with, and then slain?
Were its crushed and quiv'ring remnants
  Calmly thrown you back again?
Calmly too the remnants gather,
  Bring them home without a sigh,
Sweet returns they yet shall bring you
  In a coming "bye-and-bye."

Is your frail boat tossed and battered,
  With its sails all torn and wet,
Crossing o'er a waste of waters
  Over which your sun has set?
To the shore all calm and sunlit,
  To the smooth sand warm and dry?
Faith shall bear your shattered vessel
  Safely, surely, "bye-and-bye."

Are the eyelids very weary,
  Does the tired head long for rest,
Are the temples hot and throbbing,
  And the hands together pressed?
Hope shall lay you on her bosom,
  Cool the poor lips parched and dry,
And shall whisper "Rest is coming,
  Rest for ever, 'bye-and-bye.'"

And when calmed and cheered and freshened
  By her soul-inspiring voice,
Then look up, the heavens are bright'ning,
  Cease your wailing and rejoice;
Cry not out for days departed,
  None will hear you, none reply;
But look on where light is breaking
  O'er a brighter "bye-and-bye."

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &c.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. GALTON IS A LITTLE MISTAKEN.

"A very good story, with a great air of reality about it. I feel sorry that it isn't true," Kate Galton said, as Mr. Linley brought his narration to a close and rose to his feet.

"And I feel glad," Theo exclaimed. "I was miserable for Forbes for a minute, when it came to pulling down her veil and finding he had married the wrong sister. I couldn't help feeling how wretched he would be all his life. Didn't you pity him?" she continued, looking up at Harold, who had retained her hand on his arm all the while Mr. Linley had been amusing them.

"I did," he replied. "The story does great credit to your powers of invention," he went on, looking at the successful novelist.

"My powers of invention were not very severely taxed. I am glad you liked it so well."

"I should have liked it better if you had given us a sketch of Forbes's wretched after-career—for of course it was wretched," Mrs. Galton remarked. "Couldn't you come to my house some evening and give us a second part—a sequel to the story? That would be delightful."

Harold Ffrench turned away impatiently, drawing Theo with him.

"What a humbug Kate is, to be sure," he muttered. "The stuff was all very well just to listen to it, as we listened now; but to set about having more of it in cold blood in this way is a little too much. Don't you agree with me?"

"Yes," Theo replied. "Besides, I can't think that the 'wretched after-career' will be pleasant to hear about."

"No, it cannot be," Harold Ffrench said.

And then the pair seated themselves on a couch, and Theo said:

"The misery of not alone marrying the wrong sister, but being the cause of the death of the one he loved."

"It was misery."

"He told it very well, or we shouldn't speak of it as if it might be true. Didn't he?" Theo asked. "I shouldn't have thought much of it, I think, if I had read it; but he told it in a way that brought it home—didn't he?"

"Yes, he brought it home to one."

"I suppose that's a trick he has gained from writing?"

"I suppose it is—at least I thought he told it very badly; and if it is a specimen of the amusement Lady Glaskill and that mocking-bird, my cousin, mean to provide for their guests, I shall not trouble them very often. I hope you won't follow in Kate's footsteps, and flatter that egotistical fool's vanity by striking up a great friendship with him, Theo."

"Oh dear, no. How should I do so?—he a great author. But don't you like him?"

"Like him? I don't know him."

"Don't you like him even well enough to come to your cousin's house if he comes much?"

"While you are there I shall come, if you care to see me."

She choked back a passionate sigh.

"I shall always be glad to see you."

"You are a very tender, sweet woman, Theo. You felt genuine pity for the imaginary man whose life was cursed and blasted by a foul trick."

"Who could have helped feeling pity for him?"

"I declare," he said, "if you take fiction so seriously, I shall be inclined to try my hand at it. I cannot originate, but I can follow up the path Kate and that man have chalked out. What do you say, Theo? Would you continue to feel a kindly interest in Forbes if I went on with his history?—or must it be from Linley's lips alone?"

"Oh, no; I should believe in him equally, I am sure, if you undertook him. Take him up from the lifting of the veil," she continued eagerly, "and tell me what he said to his wife, and what she said to him, poor thing!"

"And how in after years, when his love for Leila was a long-dead thing, he met another woman whom he did not dare at first to tell he loved because of Leila's sister, his wife? And how afterwards he forgot everything, and lived only for this woman, who lost the world for and forgave him?"

"Yes," she cried eagerly, "tell me."

"I have told you already," he said, jumping up. "Come back to your conscientious chaperone, who has left you to cater for your own amusement the whole night. No, Theo!—Forbes hangs fire in my hands. I am not equal to the task of galvanizing him. I must leave that pleasant office to Mr. Linley, whose vocation in life it is to tell lies euphoniously. How about the Academy to-morrow? Will you care to go?"

By the time she had told him that she "should care to go very much indeed," and he had spoken to and obtained Kate's assent to the plan, Lady Glaskill's first reunion gave signs of fast-approaching dissolution. Soon the guests were "fled, the garlands shed," the banquet-halls were deserted, and Mrs. Galton and Theo were on their way home.

"I can give you a seat if you are lodging at any place within a reasonable distance," Mrs. Galton had said to her cousin when he was handing her into the brougham, and Harold had thanked her, but explained that he was not lodging within a reasonable distance, and would not, therefore, trouble her.

"Queer of Harold," Kate had said to her companion as they drove off; "he never will say where he is living. I should never inquire too particularly into the extent of his establishment. I'm not going to marry him."

"What difference would it make if you were?" Theo asked.

"Oh, you innocent! Well, he might have a difficulty in answering, my dear; that's all I can say. How *cross* he was to-night at my talking so much to that delightful Mr. Linley. I could see that he was nearly rabid as he walked about with you."

"Could you?" Theo asked, and a sudden new pang assailed her.

"Oh, yes; it's too absurd of him. But Harold is such a dear creature that I have forgiven his absurdities, and so he imposes on good nature. I felt sorry for him, for he looked quite dull and wretched, and utterly different to the Harold he is to me. You can have no idea, Theo, how agreeable that man can make himself when he likes. If you once saw him in one of his best and brightest moods—in one of the moods in which he is most familiar to me—you would fall in love with him."

"I am glad we are at home," Theo said, the carriage drawing up at the moment. "I am very much tired."

So she was, tired and confused and unhappy, about she knew not what exactly, but she had a dim idea that it was because Harold Ffrench (so his cousin told her) had been dull and wretched and rabid with jealousy even while she (Theo) had been leaning on his arm.

Mr. Linley called on Mrs. Galton the following day, and found his book lying on a little table by the side of the couch on which Kate was seated.

"This is my constant companion," she said, gently indicating it with the left while she extended the right hand to meet his; and the successful novelist went through the little farce with which he was now familiar, of first appearing not to recognize the book, and then to be gently surprised at seeing it there, and then to deprecate anything like admiration being felt for a work which had been "thrown off carelessly in his leisure hours." It is a difficult thing to speak gracefully of your own literary performances. If you censure them, people are apt to ask, why, in the name of common sense, did you foist that of which you thought so meanly upon the reading public? If you triumph ever so weakly in them, you are naturally and very properly dubbed disgustingly conceited by the unsympathetic masses. But of all the little barriers against overwhelming confusion which you erect, the one of affected indifference is that which breaks down most surely and swiftly.

David Linley had a face that his admirers declared to be expressive of vast power. Those who were not his admirers, or those who were capable of separating the man from his works, held it to be unconditionally ugly. He had a rugged nose, a grim chasm for a mouth, and beetle brows. But his eyes were wonderful; large, black, penetrating, they rarely failed in causing the obliteration of his other features from your mind as you met and quailed under them.

For they were eyes under whose gaze the many quailed. The man was a genial observer of men and manners and women (especially the latter) in his works. His characters had just that happy admixture of good and evil, of wisdom and folly, which distinguishes the denizens of the world in which we dwell. Yet for all that they were romantic novels; very romantic novels indeed. Only you felt, in perusing them, that not only everything that he recounted *might* have been, but that it *had* been; and he knew it.

But in the flesh David Linley was far from being genial; on the contrary, he was given to the utterance of cynical truths concerning men and things—and women too, very often. He was not too careful as to whether those of whom he spoke heard him utter these things or not. However, it was well for those who met him if he adopted this view at first, for the case of those whom he won to love him was a cruel one. He stung his foes surely and painfully, but he stung his friends, men said, with a still more fatal poison.

Just on the surface of society, if you met him there and there alone, he could be agreeable and was agreeable enough. This year, as has been said, he was a lion, and more sought after than usual despite some doubtful things, which again could never be well authenticated, that were whispered about him. But even now it was seen that he was more popular with women than with men. The latter shunned him instinctively, but the women flocked to his standard and declared it to be that of a true hero, and appeared to find a sort of fascination in that ugliness on which he presumed, as it were—he took no little care to adorn or set his person off to the best advantage.

Kate Galton would verily have flirted at the veiled prophet himself, had he come in her way and been of any mark in the circle in which she moved. She merely saw in David Linley's ugliness a something which, taken in conjunction with his talent, rendered him the more remarkable. He had shown her his fairest aspect at Lady Glaskill's; he was prepared to go on doing so the while this pretty woman pleased him. But those who knew him best said that, if ever the holy bond got broken, Mrs. Galton would smart for the honors she was now enjoying.

He scarcely noticed Theo Leigh when he came into Mrs. Galton's drawing-room this day; he merely recognized her presence by a slight bow, and uttered no word which could break the train of her thoughts. Of this Theo was rather glad than otherwise, for she was thinking of Harold Ffrench, and wondering when he would come to take them to the Academy, and whether she would not be a wise girl to go back to Houghton before the frequent sight of him had caused her a relapse.

Still she was a little disappointed and most unwisely sorry when she heard Mr. Linley, in reply to Mrs. Galton's request that he should do so, decline to accompany them to the Academy. It might not be well for her that she should be free to hear all that Harold Ffrench might care to say to her. It might not be well, it might even be dangerous. Still Theo could but prefer the possible ill and danger to the dismal certainty of his being entirely monopolized by Mrs. Galton, as he would be assuredly, where he the only man. Kate's assertion that Harold had been rabid with jealousy and wearily savage had obtained with Theo during the night; but now, in the brighter, truer light of day, she saw its fallacy and began to doubt it.

Mr. Linley's visit was brief, but highly satisfactory, to judge from Mrs. Galton's manner when it was over. That it was paid at all was a triumph in its way, for he was wont to make himself difficult of access to a remarkable degree; but in her case she could but feel that he was most flatteringly tractable, for when his call came to a conclusion he asked permission to come again.

Before he went he said something which renewed Theo's interest in him, and made her hope that he would come again and recur to the subject.

"By-the-way, Mrs. Galton, where is your cousin, Mr. Ffrench, living now? I think we have met in former days, and I should like to renew the acquaintance."

"I hardly know where he lives; at an hotel generally; his address is the ——— Club."

"He does not keep up a town establishment, then?"

"Oh, dear, no; and he is rather apt to vary his bachelor quarters frequently. You will be sure to meet him here."

"His bachelor quarters! he is not the man I thought, then; the Ffrench I knew was a married man," he continued, turning round and looking at Theo, who flushed scarlet under the look in a way that caused Mr. Linley's eyes to flash smiles that were not pleasant. Then he went away, and Mrs. Galton and Theo had only just time, between his departure and Harold's arrival, to put on their bonnets.

"We have had Mr. Linley with us all the morning, Harold; he wanted your address: he seemed to think that he had known you somewhere at some time or other, till I told him you were a bachelor: the Ffrench he knew was a married man."

"It is not very flattering to be confounded with another fellow, is it?" Harold rejoined. "Now, no one is likely to make such a mistake with regard to Linley himself; you would have a difficulty in finding a face that would remind you of his, wouldn't you, Theo?"

"Yes," Theo replied. It will be seen that Miss Leigh was rather addicted to agreeing with Mr. Ffrench on all subjects.

"I don't think it at all a disagreeable face," Kate said warmly; "it's exceedingly intellectual, and has a—a—something about it that appeals to me more than a merely handsome face ever would have the power to do."

Kate was annoyed with Harold for addressing his reply to Theo instead of to herself, therefore she extolled Linley's ugliness, to the implied disparagement of Harold's mere masculine beauty.

"I believe," she continued, "that were he only younger he could carry the day with any woman against the handsomest man in the world if he only set himself to try. I am not sure that he could not do it now."

"I have not the slightest desire to dispute or deny his attractions; I have no doubt you are right; the majority of women have a twist in their minds: they like something fiendish, and they find it in Linley."

The brougham drew up at the steps of the National Gallery as he spoke. As he was handing Theo out he pressed her hand, hardly for an instant, and whispered suddenly:—

"For God's sake, Theo, don't you get smitten with that plague of liking Linley. I have heard a good deal about him, and I believe him to be as fatal as the disease I have likened him to."

"He will never be fatal to me," Theo replied; but Harold Ffrench repeated his caution more emphatically than before, adding:—

"He is false in every relation of life; hold no intercourse with him, Theo, keep him at arm's length. I shall write to Galton, and inform him of the character of the man his wife has picked up."

Kate had marked the confidential manner with which her cousin had said these things to Theo, though she had been unable to hear the words, and she was annoyed thereat, and consequently very cross. She had not remained in London for this at all, she told herself; and she felt hardly used, and really thought that Theo was acting with wicked ingratitude in being the passive recipient of those little attentions which Harold was wont to bestow upon herself.

"It's too warm, much too warm to look at a single picture in comfort—the rooms are stifling," she said crossly. "I shall sit down; you can go round with Mr. Ffrench, if you like to go without me, Theo."

As she came for the purpose of seeing the pictures, and does not object to the heat, I think she had better do as you propose," Harold Ffrench said quietly.

"If he does not care for being liable to the remark being made that she is without a chaperone. I shall be rested presently," Mrs. Galton observed pettishly; she could not find it in her heart to see Harold and Theo go off without her to look at the pictures.

"Make up your mind as to what you will do, Kate—if you want to see the pictures at all."

"Of course I want to see them—with you—I came for that purpose," she said, regaining her amiability with a little struggle. Then she rose up and made him "tell her the pictures" from his catalogue, and Theo Leigh had no further private word from him that day.

When Mr. Ffrench was about to take leave of his cousin, he repeated that caution to her which he had already given to Theo.

"Kate," he said, "however you take it, I must give you a word of advice. You'll believe that I can have but one object."

"Well?" she interrupted.

"See as little as possible of that man who called on you to-day. It may be impossible for you to avoid meeting him in society; I know that he has the freedom of your injudicious old aunt's house, but don't be carried away by his popularity into giving him the run of your own."

"Ridiculous, Harold. Why not?"

"I can't tell you my full reason, but this much I will tell you, his character is worse than worthless; he is a man who without scruple would sacrifice his nearest, and I was going to say dearest, but nothing could be truly dear to that cold calculating heart; he is not a man whose hand I can bear you to touch; and as your husband is not here I will act as he would act did he know the character of this man—warn you against him."

"Very kind towards me, and chivalrous towards John, but, excuse me, rather mean towards Mr. Linley to simply denounce him in this way: abuse proves nothing."

"Kate, ask yourself, what motive can I have but regard for you and your husband in this matter? I am not at liberty to say what I know concerning this man; but this I do know, that he should never touch an honest woman if I could prevent his doing it. Will you not be guided by me? will you persist in suffering an intimacy to spring up between that man and yourself and the young girl whom you have undertaken to protect?"

His allusion to Theo was unfortunate: Kate could not mark his interest in her *protegee* and be calm.

"That young girl is not so extraordinarily attractive that I need be always on the *qui vive* about her; and as to being cool to Mr. Linley, really, Harold, I would do a great deal to please you, but you ask a little too much. His character may not be all that is desirable, but if I am to look into the hearts and morals of all my friends and recoil from those in whom I find a flaw, I shall be friendless; what *is* there against the man more than there is against the majority?"

"You refuse to be guided by my judgment, which I would not exercise if I had not a great affection for you, Kate."

"I will be a lamb in everything else, dear Harold, but *everybody* asks and makes much of Linley just now. And,

If he be but fair to me,
What care I how false he be?"

"I might have known that you wouldn't listen to reason," he said. Then he went away, and Kate looked at herself in the glass and thought, "Jealous at last."

CHAPTER XI.

HAROLD FFRENCH CALLS HIMSELF TO ACCOUNT.

It was not a wise thing to do, but as soon as Harold Ffrench reached home that night he sat down and wrote to John Galton. It was a very foolish thing to do, but he was annoyed with Kate at the time, and it is always an unsafe thing to write to or about a person when you are angry with that person. The spur of the moment in such case is very liable to prick you into evil. However, Harold Ffrench was very earnestly set upon putting an end to all communication between Mr. Linley and the present tenants of those rooms in Piccadilly. Therefore, as the one course of "speaking to Kate about it" had failed, he took the other and surer course of writing to Kate's husband.

"Circumstances have come to my knowledge respecting him," he wrote, "which convince me that he is no fit companion for your wife. Because he is the fashion, and not found out, Kate declines to admit of my interference; perhaps she is right to submit to no dictation save yours; but I should be untrue to the regard I have always had for her if I did not caution you on the point; he is not a man to be admitted to terms of intimacy with any woman of reputation." When he had thus written, Harold Ffrench walked out in the cool night air, and did away with the possibility of repenting swallingly of anything he had said in that letter, by posting it at once.

Then he went home and took himself to task; but before I relate what about, I will describe the home to which he returned, in order that the reader may feel that he had nothing concealed in it which could make the secret of its locality one of vital importance.

He had been occupying, since the date of his return from Norfolk, a suite of three rooms in a house in one of those severely respectable squares which bear a strong family likeness to one another, and bewilder the uninitiated who confound the ducal title with the family name. It was quite true, that assertion that he had made to Kate Galton when she asked him to give her his address at his lodgings: he was very "apt to change them,"—for sheer love of change, as it seemed, and certainly without any reason that seemed valid to his various landladies. He wearied of every place very quickly. He was a man who could not make to himself a home upon the earth. He had more than once striven to attach himself to places and things. But there was invariably a great hollow in the place that he could not fill, and a barrenness about his surroundings that even his taste could not beautify. So, after two or three repeated failures, he gave up the game and subsided into habits of restlessness.

The room to which he returned after posting that well-meaning letter to John Galton had little enough in it to indicate its present inhabitant's tastes. It was the usual drawing-room of the average lodging-house, nothing more. He had seated himself in it for the express purpose of thinking over some eventualities which possibly might—more than that—which probably would arise. It seemed to him that it would be better to do this in a room in which were no disturbing elements, than in one that held some few things that were still dear to him in life, as did the little room adjoining.

Had he done well, he asked himself, in bringing about this intimacy between Theo Leigh and his Cousin Kate? The question would arise, therefore he deemed that he might as well argue it with his conscience, and settle it at once. His intention had been good; he had simply sought to introduce a diversity that he had deemed would be harmless enough into a very dull young life. But, in the first place, it had been the means of renewing his intercourse with Theo, and this he could not feel to be well for her; and, in the second place, through Kate's obstinacy Theo would be subjected to the scarcely less dangerous ordeal of intercourse with Mr. Linley—a man of whom Harold Ffrench had his own well-grounded reasons for thinking very badly.

"I'm sorry I did it; they were wrong to suffer her to come," he said to himself at last. By "they" he meant Theo's parents, on whom he was more than half inclined now to shift the charge of imprudence. He almost resolved to put it to Theo's reason that it would be well for her to curtail her visit to Mrs. Galton, "by which two good ends would be gained, for Kate couldn't stay on in London without her husband or a lady companion—she would have no excuse for doing so," he thought, and by so thinking he did scanty justice to Mrs. Galton's powers of resource; she was well prepared with another reason for remaining in London for awhile when Theo failed her. This resolution was of so exalted an order that he entertained it for some considerable time, and thought how, though it would be painful both for the girl and himself to part again so soon, that it would be wiser and better in every way that they should do so. Then he went away into the other and more congenial room, where were his books and papers and easel, and he turned an unfinished portrait that was upon the latter towards him, and leant back in an easy-chair, with a cigar between his lips; and as he looked and smoked the resolution floated away in fragrant vapor, and Harold Ffrench thought that he had much better "let things alone."

It was a selfish resolution at the best, and, looked at from the most tolerant point of view, it was a very selfish resolution that one to which Harold Ffrench had come after that brief self-examination. He knew it to be selfish and scarcely worthy of his manliness, and still he held to it. It is always easier to let things alone than to endeavor to alter them. Now this unheroic Harold, who occupies the space usually allotted to a hero, was much given to consulting his own immediate ease. Besides, in what language could he couch a caution which should be at the same time efficacious and not painful to Theo, not subversive of that easily aroused self-respect which in her was so near akin to tender pride? No, he had been cruelly unguarded once for a moment; but for the future his impulses should be ironbound, and so Theo would be safe from him at least. While from the other man, from this Linley, he, Harold himself, would guard her as the friend he strove to be.

On his uncertainty and final determination the portrait on the easel looked approvingly; at least he came, after meeting its eyes for a long time, to fancy that it did, and to half pity it for doing so. For the face painted from memory, and all unfinished as it was, was Theo Leigh's face as it looked to him; other people would perhaps have deemed it highly idealized. He had in truth limned forth a very lovely face, but he had simply painted that which he had seen; when the glamour is on, the loved is always lovely.

The solitary man sat there for hours, smoking and looking at the picture and thinking. Thinking of how in a few years old age would be upon him, and would find him friendless, homeless, objectless, as he was now and as he had been all along. "It's a cursed fate," he muttered; "life was very bright to me when I entered it, and everything has gone wrong. I haven't even been suffered to go to the devil my own way."

The pleasures of retrospection assuredly are not for the many. The chosen few may find bliss in meandering about in the paths of the past, but I doubt whether the majority do not find that said paths lead them into the society of blue-devils. Still, I trust that few look back with such remorseful pain upon a not-to-be-recalled career as Harold Ffrench was experiencing now.

The sharpest sting that struck home to his heart in this and similar solitary hours, was the reflection that he had done nothing to mark him from the brainless fool and the man of stolidly stupid mind. For aught he had ever shown to the contrary, he might have been as these. He had achieved nothing, he had attempted nothing. He had been supine in an active age. He had been an idle man, and now the curse was come upon him of a full consciousness of how thoroughly, how inexcusably, he had wasted his life.

And this was owing to a romantic blunder committed at the very outset of what would otherwise have been a career. A blunder which left him with the false conviction that because one thing had failed nought else was worth seeking. A blunder that did not harden his heart—to the last, he was a very tender-hearted man,—or make him distrust or hate his fellow-men, but that weighted him so heavily that he never thought it possible to be anywhere near the post when the finish came in the race that is always being run. It was true, and he felt it bitterly, that, for all he had ever shown men to the contrary, he had been as the brainless fool or the stolidly stupid.

And this for want of a motive power.

Hitherto, however, he had been but idle and useless in his generation—nothing worse. He had been what is termed a greater foe to himself than to anyone else. No man or woman had been injured by his neglect of many opportunities and his lax cultivation of his natural talents and advantages. He had been a lazy, a purposeless, but never a harmful man. What though he had wasted the best years of his life in roaming up and down the picture galleries of the world, in dreamy admiration of those works which they contained, gaining nothing from them, after all, save a superficial knowledge, for a mastery of the art in which he dabbled was a thing for which he had no motive for striving to attain. Such lotus-eating had injured no one, save himself a little perhaps.

But now that he had come back to England, it seemed as if the influence of the land of action was upon him at once. He had already ceased to be a passive mistake; he had become an active error the instant he had endeavored to

brighten the path of that solitary young creature away down in the country who had flung an affluence of gratitude at his feet that bid fair to leave her poor indeed. Feeling the full force of his mistake, he still could not rouse himself sufficiently to rectify it before it proceeded still further and assumed a darker hue. The sole effort he made was this compromise with his conscience,—"I will keep near her only so long as she is liable to danger from Linley: once safe from him, I will leave her."

According to the plans that were formed during the days immediately following this by Lady Glaskill and Kate Galton, Theo was not likely to be freed from Linley's influence just yet, if he chose to exert it. But up to the present he had betrayed no desire to attack either her heart or her peace of mind. He was a frequent visitor, certainly, but it was to his fair hostess that he devoted himself. As Harold was wont on such occasions to sit by silent and moody, Kate fairly glowed with pleasure at such satisfactory evidence of the author's devotion and the cousin's jealousy.

It had occurred to Lady Glaskill that, since her niece was so fully determined upon sharing in such delights of the season as she (Lady Glaskill) could command, it would be well to come to an amicable understanding; both would benefit by it. The clever old lady found herself compelled to share the honors; this being the case, she resolved that the costs should devolve entirely upon the usurper. If she was to pipe up recruits to Mrs. Galton's standard, Mrs. Galton should pay for the piping."

"You will be some time working your way, my dear, I'm afraid," she said to her niece one morning when she came in and found Kate looking over a list of names and cudgelling her brains to decide with how many she was sufficiently intimate to ask them to "a quiet evening with a little music."

"I don't know: Linley has promised to bring several of his friends."

Lady Glaskill laughed.

"Linley will bring a brace of boobies, perhaps as a foil to himself, but none of his *friends*, my dear, to a house and a hostess that are not known; shall I be magnanimous, my dear?"

"If you can, aunt."

"Judge for yourself, Kate. I wouldn't do such a thing for any one else, with the reputation I have of doing such things well, but for my dead sister's child."

Here Lady Glaskill's utterance became obstructed by emotion, in which Kate, knowing that her ladyship had not seen her dead sister since the latter was fourteen, declined to sympathize.

"Well, what is it, aunt? you're capable, for your dead sister's sake, of coming to me yourself on the occasion, I suppose?"

"More than that, my dear Kate, more than that," the old lady rejoined briskly. "I have arranged to have a party on the 30th; Gunter is to supply the supper. Now, if you like, I will transfer it to you."

"Let it be my party at your house, my dear aunt——"

"No, no, my dear, you mistake me: it shall be my party at your house, or rather I should say it shall be your party, for you shall give the supper, but I will issue the invitations; I am very glad indeed that I thought of the arrangement, for I think that it will answer admirably. Your name shall be on the card, of course, my dear." And then Lady Glaskill got up and kissed her niece cautiously, and said virtuously that it would be a comfort to her to know that she had done this thing, for what a stepping-stone it would be to society for little Kate.

"Thank you, aunt, you're very good; then I am to pay for the supper, and your friends will be good enough to eat it in my house? that's the plain English of it, isn't it?"

Lady Glaskill nodded and laughed.

"There would be no one to eat it at all, my love, if my friends didn't come," she replied.

"True: on the other hand, it wouldn't be here to be eaten if they were not coming; well, aunt Glaskill, it's a bargain. You supply the people and I will the supper; and both are to be of the best obtainable, remember."

So the compact was made, and dear, prudent old Lady Glaskill resolved that the arrangement should be repeated with variations throughout the season. By which means she would put money in her purse, and the better enable herself to gratify certain harmless tastes as to winter residence, costume, &c., which were occasionally rudely crushed.

Kate Galton was a model of absent wifely duty. She never suffered a day to pass without writing to her husband. They were charming letters, those of hers, very charming letters indeed. On several occasions he had read portions of them to a maiden sister of his, who had felt fiercely at them in her maiden heart, and pursed up her maiden lips at them disparagingly. But then she did not like Kate. On the contrary, she disliked her for divers reasons, all more or less reasonable under the circumstances. The first count in Miss Galton's indictment against her brother's wife, was that her brother had married. "Who knows but that if he had not met that girl he might have been living there as comfortably as possible by himself still," she would remark to her confidential servant, who would forthwith reply with the sigh of resignation,—"Ah! who'd a thought that Master John would ha' been that foolish, as one might say." Then again, Miss Galton could not think well of any woman who wore white cambric muslin peignoirs trimmed with pink or blue ribbons in the morning; "Sits in her dressing-room on purpose to wear them, as I'm an honest woman," she would tell the sympathetic with tears in her eyes. When it is understood that Miss Galton had never in the whole course of her existence been known to even momentarily adorn herself with anything that could be reckoned becoming by any but the most distorted taste, this intolerance to pink and blue will be appreciated.

Then again Kate was the mother of little Katie, and Miss Galton loved the child after an acid fashion, and disliked any woman having a nearer claim to it than herself. Could the child have been her brother's alone, Miss Galton would have adored it. As that in the nature of things was impossible, she would have liked it to be the offspring of a retiring, unassuming woman who would have renounced her first share in it and meekly sat in subservience at the feet of her own child. But Kate was not at all the sort of woman to do this for an instant; on the contrary, she had been known on the best authority, Miss Galton declared, to say,—"John, I won't have Katie go very often to your sister's, she'll teach her own frump notions to the child." Frump notions! angels and ministers of grace defend us! Miss Galton was a frump, but she never forgave her blithe sister-in-law for calling her one.

These were the great generals of her army of sins and offences. There were regiments of little ones that Miss Galton would frequently review for the benefit of those "old family friends" with whom the young wife had ever been unpopular. On hot Sundays Kate would put her feet up on the opposite seat and go to sleep. "I am human myself," Miss Galton would say, "and I have been overtaken by sleep in church, but I always sleep uncomfortably and get a pain in my side; John's wife must have her corner, and I call it impious."

Again, Mrs. Galton was not at all domesticated, her sister-in-law averred. "When she goes to the kitching" (Miss Galton, under the influence of emotion, was apt to give a fuller, richer sound to words ending with "n" than belonged to them)—"when she goes to the kitching it is to sit on the table and play with John's pointers. The half of every day did my dear mother spend in her kitching, and John's wife only says, when I tell her of it, 'how she must have muddled and bothered the servants.'"

These accusations and many others had been brought against Kate Galton at a very early stage of her wedded career, and she had borne them with a good-humored unconcern that was infinitely aggravating to their maker. A tolerable show of decent friendliness had been kept up all along between Mrs. John and Miss Galton. But still every one knew that Mrs. John despised her husband's sister, and that Miss Galton disliked and distrusted her brother's wife.

But the decent show had been of a quality to make John Galton believe that beneath the surface bickerings there dwelt a kindly feeling towards one another. He thought that his sister was over anxious through well-meaning, instead of being simply a meddlesome old maid. He also thought that Kate "appreciated Sarah's intentions," which Kate did not.

When Harold Ffrench, the handsome cousin with the atmosphere of mystery, and sorrow, and romance about him, came down to stay at Haversham, Miss Galton had been—there is but one word for it—portentous. He was of the same family, the same blood, and class, and order as her sister in-law, and Miss Galton held that no good thing could come out of Egypt. She strove earnestly to make her brother unhappy, and failing that, she withdrew her countenance altogether from the Grange, as if she felt confident that darksome things were going to happen there upon which the light of her face should not shine.

Huffy rectitude is a hard thing to treat. It may be right in the main, it may have more than the shadow of a cause, but you cannot go with it entirely, and you cannot make it stony though imperfect vision see any of the softening shades that are so very apparent to you. John Galton knew, when he returned home alone, leaving his wife in London, that he was not doing a wise thing, or Kate a kind thing; yet for all that he felt that his sister was utterly wrong when she implied that it was unmitigated folly on his part and cruelty on Kate's.

Perhaps, however, the worst folly of which he was guilty was showing this litigious old lady Harold Ffrench's letter.

"There," he said, rather triumphantly, "you have pretended to doubt Ffrench's being such a good fellow as I know him to be; read that: no brother could have written differently, and Kate ought to attend to him."

He handed her the letter, and Miss Galton sat down to peruse it calmly, and then did that very annoying thing—pushed her spectacles down and read it over them. There is something judicial and at the same time asinine in the proceeding which drives the beholder to the verge of madness. No wonder John Galton felt angry with his sister, when, after reading it in this manner, she put it down with the simple exclamation:—

"Humph!"

Not that those letters at all represent the sound that did emanate from Miss Galton's mouth, but I know of no better combination than the time-honored one which will stand its ground till acoustics achieve the mightiest triumph possible by correctly reproducing an old woman's grunt of disbelief and dissatisfaction.

"I say Kate ought to attend to him," John Galton repeated. Then he went a little beyond what he had ever before said to his sister. "Of course leaving her in town with Harold was very like leaving her with a brother."

"Kate is very obstinate," Miss Galton said, with a shake of her head.

"No, that she is not at all, Sarah; I never met with a woman who had so little obstinacy in her."

"I was going to say when you interrupted me, John," Miss Galton went on with severity, "that since your wife has quarrelled with her cousin it would be well for you to discover what it is about. Such very great intimacies broken off so abruptly never look well."

Miss Galton was more portentous than ever, and John Galton waxed savage.

"Oh, bother! I shouldn't have come to you with Ffrench's letter if I had known that you were going to insult me with these senseless suspicions. By Jove! it's something strange if my wife can't have a difference of opinion with a man without a pack being down upon her at once to know the reason why."

Miss Galton grew as angry as her brother.

"Oh, wouldn't you, John; well, since you did come to ask my advice, I shall give it whether you hurl it back upon me with obloquy, yes, obloquy, or not; I should just bring Mrs. John home, if I were you, before she has a chance of cementing a stronger intimacy with her new friend."

"I shall just do nothing of the kind, for you to raise the common cry that I doubt my wife," John Galton cried indignantly. Then he went away angry and resentfully sore with his sister, and ashamed of the weakness which had induced him to attempt to exonerate Harold from any sort of suspicion. He almost felt as if he had given room for Harold to be accused by excusing him. He quite felt that he had not guarded Kate from the lightest shadow of blame as it behoved him to have done. He was a simple-hearted, single-minded, loyal man; suspicion was so foreign to his own nature that it seemed to him to soil whatever it fell upon. Now through him, he told himself, it had been flung at two who were very dear to him. It was in a very tender frame of mind that he sat down to write to Kate, and when the letter had left, his mood grew softer still, and he felt that he must see her before he slept. So he took the two-o'clock up-train from Haversham station, and was in Piccadilly by half-past seven.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Travellers inform us that in Ceylon the marriage ceremony is performed by tying the couple together by the thumbs.

Highjinks on Skates.

BY CLEW GARNET, U. S. N.

Everywhere, in all sorts of newspapers, I had read of glorious skating fun—Central Park skating—Schuylkill, and Schuylkill Park—Diamond ditto—private ditto—the grand fun—men on skates, boys on skates; splendid sylphides in scant skirts, steel-shod and skirring away over the ice—the—the—Thunder! the very reading gave me the ice-fever, and in the delirium consequent upon the sudden attack, I resolved upon taking an ice-cruise myself.

Why not? What was to hinder? I had never navigated that sort of craft, 'tis true. But then I'd been on the water, and under water, all my life—and on ice, too, some. Hadn't I killed seals, and chased white bears, for weeks together, on ice?

Women could skate—so the papers said. So did everybody else, when I inquired of 'em. *I* could skate! What was the reason I couldn't? The only things I'd ever seen a woman do that I couldn't, was to hook her own dress aft, and, carrying six feet breadth of crinoline, sail through a twenty-inch door-way. Yes, *sir*—I could skate; and I was bound on an ice-cruise.

There was nothing to prevent the expedition from being fitted out at once. I was lounging about the Navy Yard, detached from everything—all acquaintances included—waiting orders. Disgusted with bar-rooms, detesting theatres, what was I to do for amusement? Why, *skate*, of course! Ah, yes!—the very thing, by Jove! Why hadn't I thought of that before? I'd have a cruise directly; or sooner if possible. No—I must have the tools first, and started off up town to find 'em.

I brought up in front of a big window on the starboard side of Chestnut street, going towards Schuylkill, where they had more different rigs of sliding-machines than you can see national flags in Gibraltar. Knowing about as much of the qualifications of the different patterns as a cow does of chronometer time, I went inside, and asked for a pair of skates.

"What kind do you prefer, sir?"

"Oh, I have no preference. Give me the best article you've got."

"Yes, sir;" and the clerk passed out for inspection a pair of brass-clad, steel clippers, with more gilgies and running rigging to 'em than there is to a French sloop-of-war.

"These are the best, are they?"

"Yes, sir—decidedly! Just get on to them, sir, and you'll go everywhere and anywhere, like patent lightning! If you don't find it so, bring 'em back, sir, and I'll return your money."

"What's the price?"

"*Fourteen dollars!* Very cheap, sir."

Didn't believe that, of course; but invested the amount, and made sail for Fairmount.

Found superb skating. Everybody said so—only those that called it elegant! splendid! magnificent! There was a regiment of men, a battalion of dimity, and a whole brigade of small craft, on skates—skivering, scooting, and cutting all sorts of fancies on the ice; everybody laughing, chattering, whooping, skylarking and skittering in all directions! and I didn't wonder newspapers, and everybody else, called skating glorious fun.

"Have yer skates strapped, sir?" said an itinerant bootblack about the height of a walking-stick.

"Do you understand it, Bub?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I strap all the ladies' skates for 'em."

"Ah, ha! Do, eh? Must have a jolly time of it! Would like the berth myself. There you are. Go ahead, boy!" and I sat down on Blackie's box, about a couple of fathoms out on the ice.

Whiz!—like a rocket, went by a great strapping, long-legged chap, with a cigar flying jib-boom, and swinging his arms like a frigate's headyards in a hurricane, with the braces all adrift.

"Oh, ho! So they can smoke on skates—eh, boy?"

"Lord! yes *sir*. Everybody smokes on the ice."

"Exactly." So I fired up on a Principe, and shipped it for the cruise.

Urchin announced skates all staunto, and took a fifty cent "fractional" fee.

"Here, boy!—here's another fifty. Just allow me to sit on your box a few minutes till I get the run of the navigation."

"Yes, sir—you can *set* there till I git somebody else to strap."

So I sat there studying ice-navigation by dead reckoning, till directly a little petticoat craft, in yellow trowsers, skirts to her knees, red belt, Russian cap, and arms akimbo, swooped down, and checked up right in front of me. There she hung for a minute, quivering like, and balancing, just as a fish-hawk does over his prey; and all the time eyeing me with a jolly twinkle in her dancing black eyes.

"A challenge for a race, sir! Catch me if you can!"

Little Dimity lifted her left foot a trifle, bent right knee slightly, made a graceful curve, the bottom of her skirt just brushing my nose; and off she went like a flying-fish—so-o-o-o

☞ ARSENIC IN LADIES' BALL DRESSES.—At a ball at Konigsberg, in Prussia, a few evenings since, a young lady suddenly fainted, and it was afterwards proved by the doctor who was called upon to render aid, that her indisposition arose from the presence of arsenic in some green ornaments in her hair, and in the trimmings of her dress, which were of the same color.

AMERICAN LADIES, to heighten their color and beauty, should take one tablespoonfull of DR. T. B. TALBOT'S MEDICATED PINEAPPLE CIDER at dinner; also when they retire at night, and when they rise in the morning. For sale everywhere. B. T. BABBIT, Agent, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, New York.

Henry C. Kellogg, Agent, S. W. corner of Chestnut and Water Sts., Philadelphia. ja28 4t

BEAUTY.

HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,10. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. jan14-4t

COE'S TONIC ELIXIR is a sure remedy for dyspepsia, debility and nausea, or sickness at the stomach, and it is particularly beneficial to females in a weak state from over-nursing and care of children. It is delightful to the taste, can be taken at all times without injury, and should be in every family. Principal Depot, SAMUEL C. HARE, No. 24 South Second street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

GENTLEMEN'S HATS.—All the latest styles at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!—Protect your Health!—No sensible man will leave the city without a supply of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. For Wounds, Bruises, Sores, Fevers and Dysentery, these medicines are the best in the world. Every English and French soldier uses them. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

PURCHASERS may rely upon getting the best *Furs* at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 6th St., Philadelphia. jan17-4t

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HATS.—All styles at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find Dr. HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and although they are prepared especially for the purpose of Curing Fits, they will be found of especial benefit for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever. In chronic complaints, or diseases of long standing, superinduced by nervousness, they are exceedingly beneficial.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $20. dec1-6teow

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURS.

The largest and best stock in the city, at CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. jan14-3t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM G. BUCHANAN to Mrs. ANGELICA H. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, D. D., WILLIAM P. CLYDE to EMELINE P., daughter of Marshall Hill, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. G. W. Smiley, R. D. LATHROP, Esq., of New York, to Miss ANNIE C. DAVIS, daughter of G. M. Davis, of Bridgeville, Del.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. P. Brooks, Capt D. F. NICHOLLS, U. S. A., to ELIZABETH E., daughter of the late Wm. Randolph.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. S. E. Adams, Mr. C. N. WEYGANDT to Miss LUCY E., daughter of M. J. Thomas, both of this city.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Howe, ANDREW WHEELER to SARAH, daughter of Edward Carpenter.

On the 29th of Dec., by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Mr. GEORGE W. BIDDLE to Miss ANNA E. GIBSON, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. AARON J. ELLIOTT to Miss EMMA HARRIS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, Rev. GEORGE B. ALLISON, aged 48 years.

On the 15th instant, REBECCA BARCLAY, wife of Stillwell S. Bishop.

On 20-day, 18th instant, RACHEL B., wife of CH. Evans.

On the 16th instant, ANNA MARIA, wife of the Rev. Jos. H. Jones, D. D., and daughter of the late Col. Joshua L. Howell, of Fancy Hill, N. J.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. SARAH, relict of the late David Ray, in her 78th year.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM SHARSWOOD, in his 81st year.

On the 19th instant, JOSHUA G. STEVENS, in his 86th year.

On the 15th instant JOHN PARKER, in his 56th year.

On the 14th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Conrad Bush in her 55th year.

On the 16th instant, Mr. JAMES HENRY, in his 65th year.

1865. CARD FOR A NEW YEAR. 1865.

EYRE & LANDELL.

ESTABLISHED IN 1840.

We always adhere to our fair dealing for [illegible] to good Goods, and depend on [illegible] strength.

GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS.
GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS.
SHAWLS AND STAPLE GOODS.

mar12-1y

LEWIS LADOMUS & CO.
DIAMOND DEALERS AND JEWELERS,
WATCHES & SILVER WARE,
WATCHES & JEWELRY REPAIRED.
802 Chestnut St., Phila.

nov26-3m

AGENTS WANTED.—One half profit. Address Box 317 Boston, Mass. jan28-4t

$70 A MONTH! I want Agents everywhere, at $70 a month, expenses paid, to sell *Fifteen Articles*, the best selling ever offered. Full particulars *free*. Address OTIS T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine. nov26-3m

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

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my9-1y

ARMY BADGES!
MASONIC EMBLEMS!
GOLD PENS AND CASES!

B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweller,
No. 218 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

I will send, as sample, on the receipt of $1,50, a SOLID SILVER BADGE, (pure coin,) appropriate for either Corps or Division, Cavalry, Artillery, Pontooneer, Engineer, or Signal Corps Departments of the Army, with your name, regiment, and company, handsomely engraved thereon.

And for $1,50 I will send a FINE GOLD PEN, (warranted,) with SILVER EXTENSION-CASE and PENCIL.

And for $2 I will send a Solid GOLD-ENAMELED MASONIC PIN.

☞ AGENTS WANTED everywhere. Send for Wholesale Illustrated Circular. ja28 9t

GOLD PENS AND CASES.
EVERY PEN WARRANTED!

Read these prices of a few of our many styles:

A fine 10 karat Pen in Solid Silver Extension Holder:

Size No. 1,—	No. 2,	No. 3,	No. 4,	No. 5,
$2,50.	$2,75.	$3,00.	$3,50.	$3,75.

10 karat Pens in Ebony Slide Holder:

Size No. 1,	No. 2,	No. 3,	No. 4,	No. 5,
$1,50.	$1,85.	$2,25.	$2,75.	$3,00.

10 karat Pens with Rubber Reverse Holder:

Size No. 1,	No. 2,	No. 3,	No. 4,	No. 5,
$2,75.	$3,00.	$3,50.	$4,00.	$4,50.

12 karat Pen in Gold Plated Telescopic Extension Case. The Best Pocket Pen, Case and Pencil, ever made.

Size No. 1,	No. 2,	No. 3,	No. 4,	No. 5,
$2,50.	$3,00.	$3,50.	$4,00.	$4,50.

8 karat Pens, with Ebony Holders (in Morocco Cases) or in Silver Plated Extension Case with Pencil:

Size No. 1,	No. 2,	No. 3,
$1 each, $10 per doz.	$1,25. $12 do	$1,50, $16 do.
No. 4, $2, $22 per doz.		

14 karat Pens, with any of the above Holders, only 50 cents extra.

Pens repointed for 50 cents each.

Fine Gold Tipped Boxwood Pencils 25 each.

All other styles equally cheap.

Parties wishing to act as Agents or to purchase large quantities, should send for Circular.

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11 16 John Street, New York.

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DITSON & CO.'S
EDITION OF STANDARD OPERA LIBRETTOS,

Containing ITALIAN AND ENGLISH TEXT AND THE MUSIC OF THE PRINCIPAL AIRS. Neatly bound, correct and reliable. Price of each 75 cts. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

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FRANK MILLER'S LEATHER PRESERVATIVE and Water Proof Oil Blacking for Boots and Shoes. Also, Frank Miller's Prepared Harness Oil Blacking for Harness, Carriage Tops, &c., in Sealed Tin Cans ready for use. For sale by LAING & MAGUINNIS, No. 30 North 3d St., Philada. jan28-3t

NEW YORK PIANO FORTE COMPANY'S UNSURPASSED
PIANO FORTES.

These Instruments are made by an Association of the most expert Artisans from the largest establishments in New York.

EVERY PIANO WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

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Pianos to let. No. 1930 Chestnut St., Philada.
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Will force a luxuriant growth in from 4 to 8 weeks, and no humbug. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circulars free. Sent, post-paid, for $1 per bottle, or 3 bottles for $2. Address A. N. GAYLORD,
jan28-3t Albany, New York.

BEWARE THE NORTHEASTER!—BROWN'S PATENT METALLIC WEATHER STRIPS and WINDOW BANDS totally exclude COLD, WIND, RAIN, and DUST from doors and windows. They stop the rattling of sashes, save one half the fuel, and are warranted for five years.

For sale or applied by DAVID H. LOSEY,
35 South FIFTH St., Philadelphia.
Sole Agent for Pennsylvania.

Local Agents wanted throughout the State.
jan21-4t

FALSE WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHES.—A full setsent by mail, to any address, on receipt of *two dollars*. Enclose money in a well sealed envelope, stating the co or you wish. Orders promptly filled. Address, carefully, FRANK A. ECLS, Box 4, Charlotte, Michigan. jan21-3t

$8. ENGLISH WATCHES. $10.

FINE GOLD COMPOSITE ARMY WATCHES, "IMITATION ENGLISH LEVER MACHINERY," in elegantly carved cases, polished steel balance, small and neat style, correct time-keepers. Price per case of six, with keys, &c. (will sell at $15 each) $51 00
Single one, as sample, sent to any address on receipt of 10 00

A NEAT AND PLAIN SILVER WATCH, serviceable article, with the "IMITATION LEVER MACHINERY," fine finish, steel balance, jeweled, correct time-keepers. Price per case of six, complete (will sell at a great advance) 42 00
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A SILVER WATCH, same as above, in "ENGLISH MAGIC SPRING CASES," army pattern. Per case of six (equal in time and finish to a high-priced Watch) 60 00
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A GENUINE OREIDE, 21 line double hunting case, magic spring Watch, fine European machinery, jeweled and capped, polished plates. (Used as Officer's Watch.) Will retail at $30 and upwards. Price per case of six 84 00
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THE CELEBRATED ROYAL ENGINEER'S STANDARD TIME-KEEPER, a rare novelty, with PATENT WEATHER DIALS, used by all BRITISH OFFICERS. Adjusted machinery, containing a perfect THERMOMETER and COMPASS, full jewels, polished cap, SOLID GOLD, composite double hunting spring cases, rich patterns. WARRANTED FOR ONE YEAR. Invaluable to the SOLDIER, SAILOR, and TRAVELLER. Each Watch sent in morocco case, with key, &c., complete. Price per case of six (will sell readily at $75 or $ 00 each) 138 00
Single one, as sample, sent to any address on receipt of 25 00

Address all orders to

W. H. & A. CATELY,
Sole Importers,
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ORA, THE LOST WIFE.

This powerful novel, by MRS. BELLA Z. SPENCER, is now for sale by booksellers generally. We call attention to the following notices:

From the New York Evening Post.

"The author, who, as it appears by the dedication, is a lady, possesses one of the qualities necessary to the success of a novelist, in a high degree; that is to say, the power of interesting the reader and inspiring him with an increasing curiosity to learn the issue of the series of embarrassments with which she surrounds the heroine of her story. On the plot of this single narration, she has lavished enough of incident to serve a writer of ordinary frugality for three or four novels, such as form the staple of circulating libraries. The reader has hardly time to criticise the probability of one interesting situation, before he is hurried on to another. Along with this facility of invention, there is great pathos, in the tenderer scenes. The heroine, the Lost Wife, is a beautiful, accomplished and heroic young woman, with many admirable traits of character, but betrayed by her pride into errors which are the source of great misfortunes. Her character is drawn with much skill and power. Perhaps it is a defect in the work, that she is made so little conscious of her own errors, but it is a work of much talent and no little promise."

From Godey's Lady's Book.

ORA, THE LOST WIFE.—This is a very extraordinary novel for its power and its pathos. There are some scenes in it that we think cannot be excelled. The character of the heroine is well drawn, and apparently from life. The scene of the death of little Ada is perfectly beautiful, and the characters stand out in the book like living personages. We cannot call it a sensation novel, although it is as full of incidents as any of the works of Miss Braddon or Mrs. Wood—quite as interesting, but far more natural. Altogether it is one of the most readable and interesting novels that has been presented to the public for years. The authoress of "Ora" has made her mark; let her follow it up, and we will hear of her as one of the most popular novel writers of our country.

From the Quincy (Ill.) Herald.

ORA, OR THE LOST WIFE.—This novel comes highly spoken of by various newspaper authorities. The Saturday Evening Post announces it a book of "more than the average degree of ability." It looks forward to the future career of the authoress, as "one of much brightness, and honor well deserved." The Cincinnati Commercial says its "characters are admirably drawn, the plot well conceived, chaining the reader to the narrative with breathless interest to the close. In no part or portion does the story lose its wonderful power, but carries us on to the closing line, when it leaves us wishing for a continuation." The N. Y. Reformer asserts that the writer "displays an accurate knowledge of the motives, passions, loves and resentments that control human action, rarely witnessed in modern novels of this kind. The book is beautifully and artistically written, &c." Arthur's Home Magazine speaks of the "surpassing powers" of the fair authoress. What higher praise could a young author ask than is contained in the above quotations? It is doubtful if the "Great Unknown" received more unreserved commendation and laudation, when he astonished the English world with "Waverly" and its successors. The best novelists of the day, and certainly no previous time has produced better, are not more highly spoken of than the authoress of "Ora, or the Lost Wife."

The author of this popular story is BELLA Z. SPENCER, who is well known to many of our citizens. A second edition is now being published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., *Philada.* Price $1,50.
jan14-4t

$5 FIRST PREMIUM SEWING MACHINE. $5
THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

Just out. The FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most wonderful and *elegantly constructed* NOVELTY; is perfectly noiseless in operation; uses the *straight needle*; sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD; makes the running stitch *more perfect* and regular than by hand; will *gather, hem, ruffle, skirr, tuck, run up breadth, &c., &c.* Requires no lubrication or *change of stitch*; is *not liable to get out of order*, and will LAST A LIFETIME, and is the prettiest and most useful *Christmas* or *New Year's Gift* for a lady. *See Opinions of the Press.*—"It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a *child* can use it."—*N. Y. Independent.* This *ingenious* and useful machine is *perfect* in its construction, and has *none* of the *faults* of the *high-priced machines*. No one will pay $50 or $100 for a sewing machine, when *this one* can be bought for $5.—*N. Y. Weekly.* This wonderful machine was awarded the FIRST PREMIUM by the New York State Fair, showing its superiority *over all others*.—*N. Y. Reveille.* Imitations of *infringements* of this GENUINE Article are liable to prosecution. Agents of perseverance are wanted all over the world, and will be paid $100 *per month*.

Single machines, well packed in boxes, will be sent to any address, per express, on receipt of $5. Address all orders FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO., 102 Nassau St., New York.
jan28-2t

$21 TO $30 A DAY.—AGENTS WANTED to sell the CHAMPION ($15) SEWING MACHINE, *Single or double thread*, making the stitch alike on both sides. We will pay $100 per month or give a commission at which the above wages can be made. For particulars, address with stamp, JOSEPH CLIFF,
President Champion Sewing Machine Co.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

N. B. This machine does not infringe on any sewing machine. jan28-4t

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—MY ONGUENT will cause them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
feb27-tf 109 Nassau street, New York City.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	119

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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Something New in the Periodical Line. A bright, sparkling, dashing little craft laden with good things of all kinds in the way of reading matter and illustrations. All who have seen it like it, and declare it one of the handsomest, best, and most entertaining publications ever issued. A large package of specimen copies (different numbers) sent free for 25 cents. Cut this out and send for them, or preserve it for future reference. You cannot invest a quarter to better advantage, and will receive more than the money's worth. Boys, get it for your sweethearts. Address COUSIN LIZZIE, 48 Ann St., New York. [Editors inserting this will receive a copy one year free.] 11

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Are not only unexcelled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE,
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Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. je18-1y

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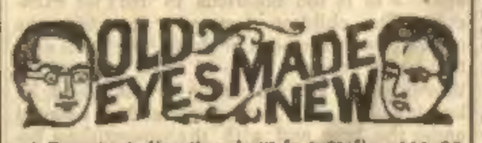

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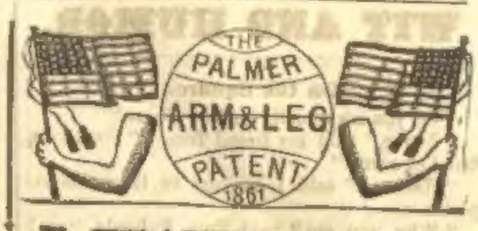

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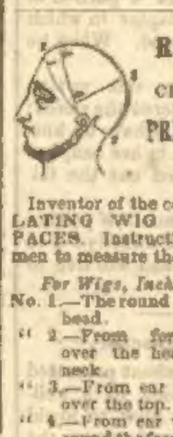

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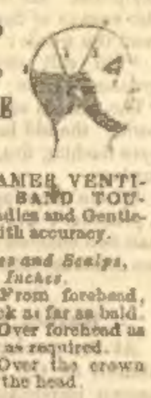

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WIT AND HUMOR.

On the Square.

"Do you make calls on New Years?"

"Never," said my friend Tom. "I used to, but I'm cured."

"How so?" said I, anxious to learn his experience.

"Why, you see," said Tom, feelingly, "as I was making calls, some years back, I fell in love with a beautiful girl—that she was. Well, sir, I courted her like a trump, and I thought I had her sure, when she eloped with a tailor—yes, sir, that lovely creature did."

"She showed bad taste," said I, compassionately.

"More than that," remarked Tom, nervously. "Downright inhumanity is the word. I could stand being jilted for a down-town broker, a captain with whiskers, or anything showy, that I could—but to be cut out, like a suit of clothes, by the ninth part of a man—that was brutality. But I swore vengeance—that I did."

"Vengeance?" I nervously inquired.

"Yes, sir," said Tom, with earnestness, "and I took it. I patronized the robber of my happiness, and ordered a full suit of clothes, regardless of expense. The tailor laid himself out on the job. I tell you, they were stunning, you may believe it."

"But your vengeance?" said I, prompting him.

"I struck that tailor in his most vital point—that I did; I never paid that bill—no, sir, I didn't. But those infernal clothes were the cause of all my future misfortunes, that they were."

"How so?" said I, with a smile of compassion.

"Wearing them, I captivated my present wife. She told me so, and I haven't had a happy day since. But I am bound to be square with that wretched tailor, in the long run. I've left him a legacy, on condition that he marries my widow."

The Ruling Passion.

A certain maiden lady was twice in her lifetime engaged to be married, and twice some unforeseen event interposed to destroy her hopes of matrimonial bliss. Here was a sad case. Time began to wrinkle her fair brow, and no new suitors were there to offer themselves. To add to her distress she became sick, "nigh unto death." The junior curate of the parish—a bashful youth—was sent for. The sick room was filled with sympathizing neighbors when the young divine made his appearance, and after some remarks, proceeded to read a portion of Scripture. He fell upon the chapter in which the woman of Samaria is introduced. When he read the words:

"Go call thy husband," the sick woman groaned a little; but when he uttered the words: "The woman answered and said, I have no husband," the old lady rose upright in her bed, her eyes flashing fire, as she squeaked out the following:

"I ain't a going to stand yer taunts, if you are a preacher! Get out of the house directly! I've had two chances for a husband and will live to see another—see if I don't!"

Rather Hard on the Doctor.

At the recent election a merchant presented himself at the polls, accompanied by a well-known physician, when, with a view to avoid taking his turn in the long row of voters, the physician interceded for his friend, and requested that the crowd would give him the head of the line, on the ground of being under medical treatment. The merchant looked, as he was, in the prime of health, when Fred Walter, penetrating the dodge, spoke out—

"I say, doctor, is that man under your treatment?"

"Yes, sir," said the doctor, with exquisite politeness, "he is now under my treatment, I assure you, and I have been his family physician for the last—let me see—for the last five years."

"Five years!" interrupted Fred, "for Heaven's sake, gentlemen, let the man vote at once; he'll never have another chance; he's outlived Dr. D——'s other patients six months!"

The crowd saw the joke, but the doctor didn't.

LATEST FROM THE INSANE RETREAT.—Why is Sherman the most gallant general in the army? He rushed across the continent to *save Anne*. (Savannah.)

What did Gov. Brown do when he heard of it? He swore he'd destroy him with a proclamation, and rushed off to *make 'em*. (Macon.)

Where did Jeff, the next time he took snuff, say he would stop him? O-gee-*chee*.

What was the next sound Sherman heard? Ossabaw. (Lunatic secured.)—*Hartford Press.*

☞ Alphonse Karr, says a Paris letter, recently saw the opera of *La Traviata* performed at Nice. "This will never do here," said he, after witnessing the agony of the last act, "it will ruin the place. I will go at once to the Maire. The plot must be changed and 'Violetta' be cured by the climate of Nice and marry 'Alfredo.'"

☞ "Why, Tom, how well you are looking! I guess the grocery business must agree with you. What did you weigh last?" "Well, really, I don't recollect, but I believe it was a pound of butter."

Singular Facts.

The human eye always attempts to supply the complement of color. Thus, if the eye rests for any time on any one color, say green—which is composed of blue and yellow—on shutting the eyes a faint repetition of the object will be seen in red, which is the third of the primary colors and complimentary to the other two.

The laws of acoustics are hitherto but little known, but it would seem that a similar effect is produced, two notes of the major triad when struck calling forth a faint impression on the ear of other notes being supplied. It is a curious fact, and one which quite upholds this law, that on striking any chord on the pianoforte, all the strings of the same chord throughout the instrument which are in unison with the notes struck, are in vibration, while the other notes are not agitated. This can be ocularly demonstrated by placing on these strings little saddles of paper, which will be seen to vibrate violently, while when placed on other strings which are foreign to the chord, they rest undisturbed.

POOR GRAIGGLES (who is an energetic dancer) has met with a sad mishap. In fact, he has broken his suspenders.

[General commiseration is manifested under a mistaken view of the matter. One old lady advises peppermint.]

CALLING THE CHILDREN.

Calling them "Freddy," and "John," and
"Paul!"
As only a mother her children can call;
Musical cadences all through her speech,
That a love so tender alone can teach,
Something so loving, and lingering too,
In the "John," and "Freddy" and "Paul,"
come do.
As bidding to her for dinner or rest,
Each one is gathered in turn to her breast.

Then looking them over, as divers do pearls,
Smoothing one's cheeks and another one's curls,
Taking the brown, soiled hands in her own,
A whip out of this palm, from that one a stone.
Drawing from pockets of corpulent girth,
With outward remonstrance, with inward mirth,
Potatoes for pop-guns—a bottle of flies—
Twine, balls and whistles, and two dirt-pies.

Redeemed from the soil of the street, and anew
Clothed in fresh aprons, and trowsers too;
Tangles brushed out of the silken floss,
That rings and ripples in golden gloss;
Striving with eager and innocent heed
For mother's approving "Well done, indeed!"
Mother, and Freddy, and Paul, and John,
Make the sweetest picture to look upon.

The Baby Tower of Shanghai.

The following is from a description of the Chinese city of Shanghai contributed to the *Continental Magazine*, by H. B. Auchincloss:

"The only structure like a tower, if we except the turrets on the city walls and watch-towers erected within the past few years, when the Taepings have threatened the city, is a tall, white monument, rising to the height of twenty feet, and without inscription or distinguishing mark of any description. It looks like a fine, white tomb, higher and more ambitious than usual, and truly it is a 'white sepulchre!' Baby Tower it is called by the foreign residents, for it is filled with the bones of infants—not such as have died a natural death as Bayard Taylor asserts, but which have been thrust into this horrid monument of heathen cruelty when but a few hours old. Humanity shudders at the thought! These dazzling white baby towers, with their mockery of purity, their object known to all men, and openly inviting, as it were, the most unnatural and heartless murders, are among the most hideous spectacles to be met with in a heathen land. True, a river or pond will be pointed out to you in other parts of China or in India, where babies are daily drowned like puppies or kittens; but they do not affect the mind with such a horror as these palpable structures, erected with the best skill of their architects for this express purpose. The water closes over the murdered infant, and no trace of the crime remains: but here is a tower—a high tower—with deep foundations, filled with the bones of murdered babes that have been accumulating for ages.

"No wonder that Christian mothers, residents in the East, cannot speak of them or see them without a shudder, and never willingly pass them in their drives. Who knows but they might hear, if they approached the tower, the wail of some poor infant just thrown in, or meet its father returning from his cruel errand!

"At Shanghai the Baby Tower stands on the south-west side of the city, without the walls, but at Foo-Chow, where the crime of infanticide is still more prevalent, they use no baby towers, but have provided ponds for the express purpose. It is the saddest part of this great national crime of the Chinese, but it is sanctioned by the mandarins, and viewed as a disagreeable necessity, not as a crime.

"It has been the fashion of late years to deny the existence of this abomination; the doubters, wise in their own conceit, insisting that the crime is too great for human nature.

"Human nature, unfortunately, has proved but a frail barrier to crime of this character in all parts of the world, and the facts of Chinese infanticide are indisputable. The witnesses are too numerous, the crime is too public, and the evidence of it too notorious to deny its existence. The children destroyed are girls: the most common methods of destroying them are: first by drowning in a tub of water; second, by throwing into some running stream; third, by burying alive. The last named mode is adopted under the hope and with the superstitious belief that the next birth will be a boy. The excuse is that it is too expensive to educate a girl, but if some friend will take the child to bring up as a wife for a little boy, the parent will sell or give away the infant rather than destroy it. The regular price is two thousand copper cash, or two dollars for every year of their lives, for sometimes a girl will be saved for a year or two, and then sold for a wife or slave. Many instances have come to the notice of missionaries where large families of girls have been destroyed. There is one woman now employed as a nurse in a missionary's family at Fuh-Chow, who says that her mother had eight girls and three boys, and that she was the only girl permitted by her father to live. We never heard of an instance of a boy being destroyed at birth. There is a little village about fifteen miles from Fuh-Chow, which is swarming with boys, but where girls are very scarce. The people account for it themselves by the common practice of killing the girls at birth, a practice which is indulged in by the rich as well as the poor."

☞ "The world repeats itself" is an odd saying. When one visits the modern shoddyites and petroleumocracy, one is reminded of the remark made by Plato, who was so struck with the luxury of the citizens of Agrigentum, both in the style of their houses and their tables, remarked: "They build as if they were never to die, and eat as if they had not an hour to live."

☞ What creature took the smallest amount of baggage along when he entered the ark? The cock; he had only one comb with him.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Ass and his Progeny.

This animal, with which we associate qualities of meekness and obstinacy, stupidity and patience, surefootedness, longevity, ability to bear privations and abuse, and to live on "next-to-nothing and thistles," is a stranger to our farms and village streets. He is not seen on our mountains, nor does he bring fruit and vegetables to our city markets. Wherever found in this country, he is a curiosity almost; and the sonorous voice of the braying trumpeter of the fables, is an unknown sound, except in a few mule-raising districts. Throughout nearly all the rest of the civilized world man finds use for the donkey. He is emphatically the poor man's beast of burden. Living upon the coarsest fare, dried leaves, weeds of almost all kinds, straw and fodder refused by other stock, are all he wants as food, and if his fastidious craving for pure water be satisfied he is quite content. The ass is exceedingly like the horse in structure and nature, and in fact many kinds of horses are more unlike each other in appearance than are some horses and asses. This animal doubtless originated in that quarter of the globe which is regarded as the cradle of the human race, and it has been known in a domesticated condition since the earliest time of which we have record. In the East certain breeds possess great beauty, and combine sleekness of coat, pride of carriage, and fleetness, with the other qualities we have mentioned. Neglected and abused as he usually is in Europe, the race dwindles in size, until specimens are often found smaller than the smallest ponies. Still with this diminutive size we find hardness of constitution, toughness, freedom from disease, strength, capacity for carrying burdens and for draught, the like of which, in proportion to its size, no other quadruped possesses. The hoof of the ass is more upright than that of the horse, and it is harder and tougher, so that shoeing is not so necessary. The pastern joints are shorter and stiffer, and it may be this peculiarity which gives the ass so sure a foot, and makes the fault of stumbling so very uncommon. The great length of the ears is well known. In common with others of the horse family (genus *Equus*), especially the Quagga and the Zebra, the ass has a dark stripe down the back from head to tail, crossed at the shoulders by another. The superstitious peasantry of Europe regard this as the sign of the cross, from an ass's colt having been used by our Saviour. The prevailing colors of the ass are dun or mouse color, maltese and black, but white, bay, and brown are seen occasionally. Wherever this animal has been carefully selected and bred, it has been greatly improved. The best and largest, used for mule breeding, come from Spain, and from the East, where Smyrna is the chief market, and they have also been bred with great care for size and beauty in some parts of South America. The mule is a hybrid resulting from coupling the male ass with a mare, and possessing the external qualities, voice, and intellectual character of his sire, having the frame and internal organization of the horse. The Hinny, which is the product of crossing the she-ass with a horse, has the neigh, with the flowing mane and tail of the horse, and its external appearance is much less asinine than the mule, but the frame is small and its internal organization takes after its dam. It is on the whole a much less profitable animal than the mule. Neither the mule nor the hinny are capable of breeding.

[Those who are in, or have accompanied our armies during the present war, know that the wagons of the Army of the Potomac's immense supply train, often spoken of as being "nine hundred miles in length," are nearly all drawn by mules, six to the wagon. We have seen almost if not quite a hundred acres covered with these six-mule, canvas-covered wagons thickly "parked" together. The food almost always irregular, and sometimes scanty, with the treatment they receive from such drivers as they have, mainly ignorant negroes just emancipated, would break down horses faster than they could be transported to the army. Indeed, we can scarcely conceive how the army could have been supplied in its lengthy march from the Rapidan to the James, had not these mule teams been secured. We often wondered where so many mules could have been gathered in this country.—O. J.]—*American Agriculturalist.*

A Few Words About Sheep.

If a man wishes to buy young sheep, it is an easy matter to tell their age by their teeth. A sheep has 8 front teeth, and when one year old they shed the 2 middle teeth, and within 6 months from the time of shedding, their places are filled with 2 wider than the first; at 2 years the next 2 are shed, and in 6 months their places are filled with 2 wide teeth; at 3 years the 2 third teeth from the centre are shed and their places filled with 2 wide teeth, and at 4 years the corner teeth are shed, and by the time the sheep is 5 years old the teeth will have grown out even, and it will have a full mouth of teeth; after that the teeth begin to grow round and long, and at 9 or 10 they begin to shed, and then is the time to fatten for the butcher, and let young sheep take their place.

If a farmer would have a good flock of sheep, he must keep a few of his best ewe lambs to take the place of his old sheep. Poor nurses should not be kept. The same ram should not be kept with a flock more than one year; neither should he be used in the flock that he was raised from.

Sheep to be healthy should not be kept in low, wet pastures. To have a good flock of sheep, they must be well feed summer and winter. To make sheep peaceable and contented, never allow them out of the pasture intended for them to run; but if they should happen to get out, return them immediately and make the fence sure. Sheep should be taken to the field as soon as harvest is done, as their droppings are worth as much to the field as the grass they eat, and they will thrive much faster in the field than in the pasture. Sheep should never feed their pasture so close but that a horse or colt would find plenty to eat with them; but cows should never be allowed to go in the sheep pasture. To tell whether a sheep has a heavy fleece, put your hand into the wool, and if you can easily shut it the sheep has a small fleece; if you get your hand full it is a heavy fleece. Rams with no horns are most desirable if other qualities are the same, as they are not so apt to injure the ewes.—*Ed. Scribner in Boston Cultivator.*

TO PREVENT A HORSE FROM PULLING AT THE HALTER.—Tie a rope around the neck, put it through a hole in the edge of the manger, and tie it around the fore leg below the knee, and when the horse pulls, the rope will slip through the hole and pull up the fore leg, and he will soon give it up.—*Country Gentleman.*

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

HUNGARIAN YEAST.—The yeast prepared by the Hungarians will keep for a whole year. During the summer season they boil a quantity of wheaten bran and hops in water; the decoction is not long in fermenting, and, when this has taken place, they throw in a sufficient portion of bran to form the whole into a thick paste, which they work into balls, that are afterwards dried by a slow heat. When wanted for use they are broken, and boiling water is poured upon them; having stood a proper time, the fluid is decanted, and in a fit state for leavening bread.

LEMON CAKE.—One cup of butter, three of sugar, one of milk, four of flour, five eggs, a teaspoon of soda, juice and grated peel of one lemon.

BEST SPONGE CAKE.—One coffee-cup of sugar and four eggs beaten to a cream; add a piece of soda the size of a pea dissolved in a teaspoonful of milk, also a little nutmeg and essence of lemon, stir in quickly a coffee-cup of flour. Bake in a hot oven.

GINGER SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of molasses, one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four eggs, three cups of flour, one cup of milk, soda, and ginger.

VALUABLE RECEIPT.—In the "Memoirs of the Count Segur," vol. 3, p. 168, there is the following anecdote:—"My mother, (the Countess de Segur,) being asked by Voltaire respecting her health, told him that the most painful feeling she had arose from the decay of her stomach, and the difficulty of finding any kind of ailment that it could bear. Voltaire, by way of consolation, assured her that he was once for nearly a year in the same state, and believed to be incurable; but that, nevertheless, a very simple remedy had restored him. It consisted in taking no other nourishment than yolks of eggs, beaten up with the flour of potatoes and water." Though this circumstance took place as far back as fifty years ago, and respected so extraordinary a personage as Voltaire, it is astonishing how little it is known, and how rarely the remedy has been practiced. Its efficacy, however, in cases of debility, cannot be questioned, and the following is the mode of preparing this valuable article of food, as recommended by Sir John Sinclair: Receipt.—Beat up an egg in a bowl, and then add six tablespoonsful of cold water, mix the whole well together; then add two tablespoonsful of the farina of potatoes, to be mixed thoroughly with the liquor in the bowl. Then pour in as much boiling water as will convert the whole into jelly, and mix it well. It may be taken either alone or with the addition of a little milk, and moist or best sugar, not only for breakfast, but in cases of great stomachic debility, or in consumptive disorders, at the other meals. The dish is light, easily digested, extremely wholesome and nourishing. Bread or biscuit may be taken with it, as the stomach gets stronger.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 56 letters.
My 45, 2, 19, 1, 30, 44, 36, was the grandson of Japheth.
My 21, 47, 12, 41, 15, 3, 49, 32, 13, 6, 55, 18, 50, was the city of the Reubenites, about 10 miles east of Jordan.
My 28, 42, 31, 13, 25, 2, 19, 40, 56, 35, 22, was the place whither the Midianites fled when they were routed by Gideon.
My 27, 16, 53, 45, 19, 4, 37, 54, is a musical instrument.
My 50, 5, 26, 52, 10, 45, 46, is a poisonous herb.
My 23, 24, 38, 45, 13, was a son of Cain.
My 48, 51, 24, was the fifth son of Jacob.
My 45, 29, 23, 37, 14, 26, 17, was a sort of monkish priests, formerly inhabiting Scotland and Ireland.
My 45, 7, 8, 24, 51, 54, 19, 34, 56, 20, were the disciples of an enthusiast in Holland.
My 11, 18, 33, 31, 9, is a number.
My 42, 25, 6, has sent affliction into many families.
My whole is an old proverb.
Pittsburg, Pa. GEO. IRWIN.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a part of the ear.
My second was a celebrated English poet.
My third is a brief note on a bugle.
My whole is a species of citron.
Cincinnati, O. S. HORACE G.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first the judge and jury rules,
Our moral laws' defenders.
My second, beautiful in truth,
Abjures all vain pretenders.
My third shuns danger, and secure
In wisdom's ways is ever found;
In works of righteousness and trust,
My fourth and last's renowned.
What greater virtue can be traced
On marble shaft or history's scroll,
Than is contained in the four sounds
Which constitute my whole.
West Chester, Pa. R. H. WALTER.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in come, but not in go.
My 2d is in heel, but not in toe.
My 3d is in black, but not in red.
My 4th is in tongue, but not in head.
My 5th is in stand, but not in fall.
My 6th is in sing, but not in bawl.
My 7th is in gun, but not in sword.
My 8th is in score, but not in borde.
My 9th is in pine, but not in wood.
My 10th is in bread, but not in food.
My 11th is in rain, but not in sleet.
My 12th is in cold, but not in heat.
My whole is the name of an ancient tyrant.
Cincinnati, Ohio. S. HORACE G.

Riddle.

I went into the woods and got it.
Because I got it I looked for it.
Because I could not find it I carried it home.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a letter of the alphabet.
My second is a casual event.
My third is an article of food.
My fourth is new.
My fifth is a period of time.
My whole is what I wish all my readers.
JOS. D. MURPHY.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a semispherical vessel, whose diameter is 12 inches, and filled with water: at what distance from its edge must a person stand, the perpendicular height of whose eye above the top of the same is 4 feet, so as just to see the centre of its bottom?
MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Determine the arc of a circle whose cosine is equal to its tangent—the radius of the circle being 10 feet. S. G. CAGROIN.
Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y.

☞ An answer is requested.

Interest Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

By discounting a note at 10 per cent. per annum, I receive 12½ per cent. interest per annum. Required, the time to run.
JAS. M. GREENWOOD.
Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When is an undertaker like one of his own jobs? Ans.—When he's a coughin'.

☞ When is an eminent American tragedian like a sable bird of the crow species? Ans.—When he's a ravin'.

☞ How can you convert a man into malt liquor? Ans.—By employing him as porter.

☞ When is a cabbage like a book? Ans.—When it is red.

☞ Why is care to man like tether to a sheep? Ans.—Because it contracts his brows (e.)

☞ What is an honest way to get fish? Ans.—Hook it.

Answers to Last.

CHARADE—Missouri, (Miss, Sue, Rye.) CHARADE—Ontario, (On! Tay, Rio.) DOUBLE REBUS—Vienna, London, (Veal, into, erection, need, Nero, Anacreon.)

Answer to PROBLEM by Andros, published Nov. 26th:—It will contain 96.22 gallons, and would be filled in 15.38 seconds.—Jas. M. Greenwood, Morgan Stevens, and the author.

Morgan Stevens' answer to his PROBLEM, same date:—Width of river, 593 feet.

Answer to PROBLEM by W. Siverly, same date:—15.65656 in.—Chas., W. Siverly, and Artemas Martin.